

THE MONTH

MARCH, 1869.



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ANNE SEVERIN. By the Author of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*. Chs. XXXVII., XXXVIII., XXXIX., XL., XLI., XLII.

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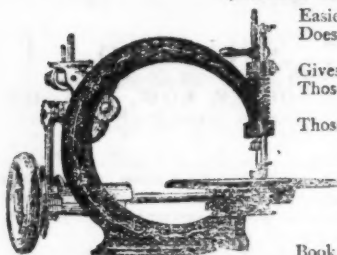
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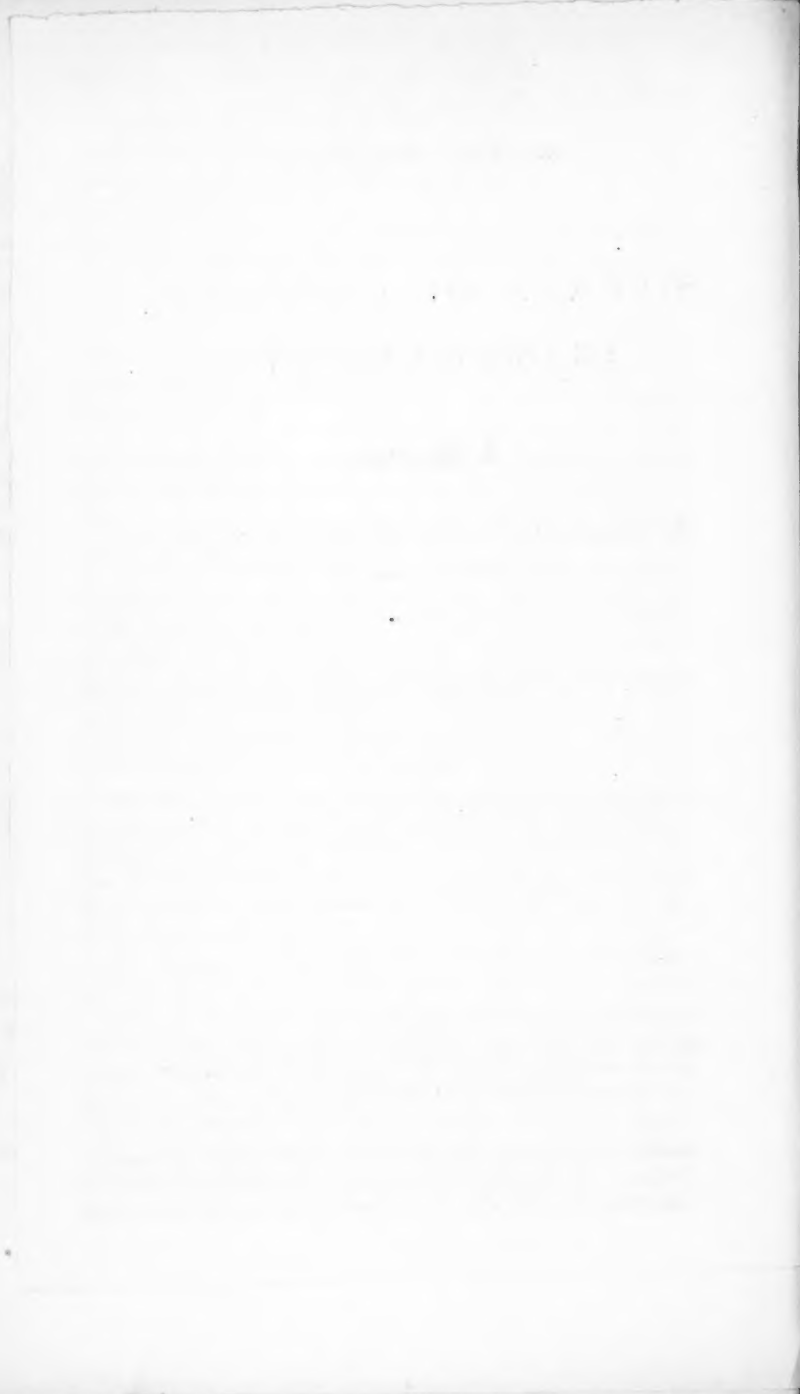
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Reflections on a late Scandal.

A particular book or pamphlet will often cause a sensation, and even produce a practical, though transient, effect, which it is not easy to account for by considerations based on its intrinsic merits, or on the importance of its component parts. Some of the most worthless books ever written have had a great run of temporary success, such as has been altogether denied to genius, industry, and truth. Some books again, admirably written, but of only moderate value as to their material, have obtained a rank among the few classics of their language, while others, all but priceless in their argument, have remained, indeed, on the roll of permanent fame, but only to be appreciated by a comparatively small circle of readers. Englishmen and Americans read more than Frenchmen; but for one Englishman or American who has read Butler's *Analogy*, or Hooker's First Book, twenty Frenchmen could be found who had read the *Provinciales*. To return, however, to the causes of what may be called sensational success. Reflection and experience show that these causes are not to be found so much in the intrinsic value or power of a publication as in a certain condition of the public mind, which happens at the moment to be just ready for the kind of excitement or entertainment which the particular book or pamphlet may furnish. There may be absolutely nothing in it, and yet it may appear at the right moment, and become as popular as the last slang song, or as a tune which passes from tavern to tavern, theatre to theatre, music-hall to music-hall, till at last it grinds itself on to the barrel-organs, and is whistled—with occasional variations—by the street boys in the remotest provinces. There may be a philosophy of popular strains of music, into the discussion of which we have no intention of entering; but, if there be, as we have said,

something in the public mind at particular moments which ensures the transient success of publications of a certain stamp, this something may be in itself a subject far worthier of consideration than the book or essay which may have happened to touch the soft point, and so achieve a sort of celebrity to which on its own merits it has no title: It is always interesting to attempt to sound even the shallower depths of the mind of a great community, and such investigations may often reward us with results quite contrary in character to what we might have expected from the occasion which has directed our attention to them.

It is only a few years since half England was talking about Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, and a still shorter period has passed since the sensation created by the appearance of *Ecce Homo*. We may consider both of these books as instances of a success—so far as that word signifies the attraction of public attention—not at first sight to be easily accounted for on the ground of any intrinsic novelty or worth proportionate to the result produced. The latter book was, indeed, far more thoughtful and far more engaging than the former; it had something of method, sequence, and a certain originality; its literary merits were of a high order, its style was even and pleasant, and it was free from a whole swarm of defects of taste, which made the *Eirenicon* not only uncomfortable reading, but in some respects positively repulsive. But even *Ecce Homo* had nothing in it which could fully account for its success, and we shall be surprised if the truth of this assertion be not speedily placed beyond question by the oblivion into which the book will fall, if it be not already forgotten. As for the *Eirenicon*, it has been so pulled to pieces in the course of the controversy which arose upon its publication, that it is not easy to say what would remain of it if another edition were ever thought of. Still, it is true to say that in any case the *Eirenicon's* chief hope of surviving would be in the notoriety it has acquired by the answers and objections made to it. The fact is, that both these books owed their temporary success to the presence in the public mind of England of elements to which they were congenial. These elements, no doubt, still survive, and may be from

time to time the occasion of fresh sensations produced by new works of the same class; and the writer on the Catholic side who should succeed in perfectly answering the questions, and in fully satisfying the cravings, through which these elements manifest themselves, would have no difficulty in exercising the most powerful influence over the present and succeeding generations.

We thus find ourselves in the presence of considerations far more important than any that can be involved in the character or merits of a single publication. To confine ourselves to the instances of which we have been speaking, it is a matter of great consequence to those Catholics who watch the phases of public opinion, and who endeavour to understand and meet the mental struggles of their fellow-countrymen, that they should recognise the existence in the English mind of an intense and hungry interest in religious questions in general, and in those which relate to the controversy on the Church in particular. It is no idle curiosity that makes men so eager to ask questions, and to get them in any way answered, either as to the Divinity of our Lord, or as to His character and work, or as to the claims of the only body which presents itself to the world as the one Catholic Church. The state of the public mind, which is indicated by the popularity of such inquiries, has its hopeful as well as its ominous aspect; it is better than indifference, it is, in a great number, the honest yearning of the soul "naturally Catholic" (if we may so imitate the famous expression of Tertullian), though it is in many others the issue of a desire—sometimes too fatally fed by writers of books of the class of which we have spoken—to find some logical ground for giving up Christianity, or some satisfactory excuse for refusing to accept Catholicism. But, hopeful or ominous as may be the aspect under which we may choose to regard this active thirst of the public mind, it certainly points out to the defenders of religion and of Catholic truth the direction in which they may labour with fruit, if they will only labour patiently, prudently, and honestly. The mind that is really eager for the truth may be deceived for a time by arguments raised on false issues,

by a display of ill-digested learning, or by the repetition of calumnies already a hundred times refuted. But falsehood is unsatisfying food for hungry thought, and where there is an honest desire to be guided into the right path, the native beauty and simplicity of the truth make their way, sooner or later, and with wonderful clearness, through the mists which prejudice and ignorance have raised around the eyes that are straining eagerly for the light of heaven.

We are, therefore, anything rather than discouraged by the apparent success which, for awhile, attends the attacks which are from time to time made upon the Catholic religion in this country. It cannot be denied that they frequently issue in the ruin of souls; for many who have advanced to the threshold of the Church are often put back for a time, or for ever, in consequence of them. "It must needs be that scandals come, but, nevertheless, woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh." This is the dark side of the picture, but the fact that so many have approached and are still approaching the truth must not be forgotten on the other hand. The failure of individual promise is a condition of a general movement towards the light; for hearts are in all possible conditions, each one known only to Him who reads all, and to draw near to or to be approached by Catholic truth is the touchstone of hearts. We may notice, moreover, in the very eagerness with which any argument against Catholicism, however feeble, is now seized upon, a sense of the power of the Catholic claims, and of the thorough rottenness of the Anglican answers to which the men of the last generation trusted for their defence. Mr. Ffoulkes' pamphlet, which is the last new "sensation" on the Anglican side, would have been impossible twenty years ago, and the triumph with which it has been hailed shows how glad men would be to find some better plank to cling to if they could. It is, indeed, like the *Eirenicon*, a practical "dissuasive from Popery," but not one man in a thousand who has read it would be willing to change places with the author, to subscribe to his opinions, or even to justify his position. People are glad to find that a man of respectable antecedents,

and with some claim to ability and learning, has at length been found to say that he has been disappointed in joining the Catholic Church. They have not succeeded, nevertheless, in getting this singular "Catholic" to join *them* in the worship of God. It is thought a striking victory that one convert should say of Catholicism what hundreds of Anglicans are daily saying, only in far more exaggerated language, of their own Establishment. What is this, but to acknowledge that the beauty and grandeur of the Catholic religion are already more than half recognised, even among its enemies; and that the practical testimony of so many hundreds who have given up the most precious things in this world in order to embrace that religion, is felt as a most powerful argument by many who would fain escape its force?

It is the misfortune of those who have to deal with such pamphlets as that of Mr. Ffoulkes, that they can hardly separate the author from the argument, or rather, from that which does service as such. We must be allowed, as Catholics, to disclaim all sympathy with, and to repudiate, as unworthy of Catholic criticism, such remarks as those which have been made on "the slenderness of his abilities," or on the supposed fact that "in intellectual power he is decidedly below the average of ordinary educated men," even though these remarks are proffered as excuses for his various "heresies," and as either explaining or making more wonderful his "intellectual self-confidence." Civilised controversy usually dispenses with personalities of this kind. At the same time it cannot be denied, that though Mr. Ffoulkes is a man of ability, industry, and high personal character, he is to some extent chargeable with having courted personalities, by resting so much of his argument either on his own authority or on his own experience. He has been his own guide in theology and in Church history from the beginning, and we all know the dangers incurred by students of this class. We are not now concerned to compare the issue of such a process in the case of Mr. Ffoulkes with its issue in the case of others, but one result will be obvious to every reader, either of his books or of his late pamphlet, who will take the trouble to count

the number of important conclusions on delicate historical questions which the writer wishes to have accepted on the strength of his own judgment. There are certain Catholic authors—St. Alfonsus Liguori, in his minor works, is an instance—who seem always to shrink from any statement except in the name of another. It is always “St. Austin says,” “St. Bernard says,” “we find in St. Bonaventure,” and so on. Mr. Ffoulkes is the most complete contrast to such writers that can be imagined. His formula is—“I have studied the subject for many years, and I think this or that.” He can hardly wonder if he is taxed with extreme self-reliance. Yet how many of those who, for controversial purposes, have applauded his late performances to the skies, are ready to pin their faith upon his conclusions? He has written for many years on various subjects, chiefly on subjects connected with Church history, as to which it might be expected that a diligent student would at least come upon some facts and some conclusions with which his name might have been connected as with discoveries of more or less value. But we think we do not overstate the case when we say that he has written more books than he has made disciples. Singularity has marked him from the first. He published, about twenty years ago, a *Counter Theory*—a sort of would-be substitute for Dr. Newman's *Theory of Development*—and as he refers to it in his late pamphlet, we suppose that that theory still retains the only believer which it ever gained—its own author. But, except for the reference to it in the late pamphlet, we should have imagined that even he had abandoned it long ago. As to his present position, are there ten sane men in England who really believe, for instance, that the influence, whatever may have been its extent, which Charlemagne exercised to induce the Pope of his day not to persevere in his prohibition of the *Filioque*, as it is chanted in the Credo of the Church, has the slightest analogy or resemblance to the pressure put by the royal supremacy on the Anglican Establishment to secure toleration for Mr. Gorham and Dr. Colenso, while Ritualists are persecuted, and the central doctrine of the Real Presence is already all but excluded? Are there ten reasonable men who will put

their names to the statement that the position of Catholics, under the heavy burthen, as Mr. Ffoulkes seems to consider it, of reciting in the Nicene Creed the assertion that the Third Person of the Ever Blessed Trinity proceeds from the Father and the Son—which it would be heresy to deny—is parallel to the case of Anglican High Churchmen, who are placed, by the law of their religious communion, side by side as brethren with those who deny Baptismal Regeneration, the Inspiration of Scripture, the Eternity of Punishment, and no one knows how many sacred truths besides, and who are not even allowed to light a pair of candles to do honour to what they erroneously suppose to be the Real Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist! The position is too absurd for argument.

We purposely abstain from speaking of those large portions of his attacks on the Catholic Church as to which Mr. Ffoulkes is not original, and as to which he could not have written as he has without willing forgetfulness or unaccountable ignorance of the answers that have over and over again been made to his charges. On the subject of the "False Decretals," for instance, Mr. Ffoulkes is altogether behind his day;* but we are not now engaged in pointing out mistakes in detail. Our object is to point out that as to his intellectual position, and his theory, and his conclusions, Mr. Ffoulkes has no more right to claim the adhesion of reasonable men among Protestants than among Catholics. Protestants applaud him because he does their work in attacking the Church to which he professes to belong, but they are too wise to share his position. They quite appreciate the charming simplicity of a man who tells the world and the Church that they have only to take his advice, and then the evils of centuries will be remedied. According to Mr. Ffoulkes, the reunion of Christendom is already "looming in the distance." The "whole matter lies in a nutshell." The Holy Father should have sent for Mr. Ffoulkes to draw up the invitation to the approaching Council, and then the Easterns would have come. The Church has just to give up the *Filioque* in the Nicene Creed; a small matter, it would

* See *Month*, vol. vii., p. 83.

seem, in Mr. Ffoulkes' eyes, but as to which even Dr. Pusey might give him some wholesome instruction. Then, as to discipline, let the Church go back to the "Eighth Canon" of the Council of Ephesus, and thus "Rome" would be confined to her own Patriarchate—"that is, the continent of Europe;" but she would receive appeals from England and the rest of the West, according to the Sardican Canons. Constantinople would be a second Rome for the East, and a General Council would be the last resort for all alike. Meanwhile, we suppose, the fact that the Church is *One* would be allowed to remain in the Creed?

We need hardly characterise proposals such as these. They will show to any one acquainted with theology or with history what we have more than once had occasion to remark with regard to Mr. Ffoulkes—namely, that although he has been for many years in the communion of the Catholic Church, and in the full use of her sacraments, his intellectual position is as essentially and distinctively un-Catholic as that of Dr. Pusey himself. We have uniformly refused to acknowledge him as a Catholic writer, and we should be as sorry to have to be responsible for his orthodoxy with regard to the doctrine of the Ever Blessed Trinity itself as with regard to the unity of the Church. We cannot imagine a person who really comprehends the importance of the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son writing so glibly about the surrender of the profession of that doctrine in the Creed. Again, if Mr. Ffoulkes had spent a few of those many hours of laborious study, which he has devoted to the Eastern schism, in the perusal—even without a guide—of some elementary treatise *on the Church* by a Catholic theologian, he would never have found himself in the miserable position which he at present occupies. Again, if some of his time, either before or after his admission into the Church, had been devoted to the reception of catechetical instruction on the subject of the sin of scandal, we may venture to say that his pamphlet would never have seen the light. We shall have to remark presently on his great ignorance of the doctrine of grace.

But we have surely said enough to dispose of Mr. Ffoulkes claim to be considered as a Catholic writer. It appears to us that this pamphlet, and his other writings, are really valuable at the present time as showing us what would be the result if the dream of a "corporate reunion" could ever be realised. Mr. Ffoulkes, with his claim to be a Priest on account of his Anglican Orders, with his intense nationality, his crotchets about history, and his theory as to Church unity, is a perfectly good specimen of what the whole class of Ritualists would be if they were allowed to enter the Church on their own terms. Indeed, put aside vestments and incense, and other "improvements" which have been developed among men of the advanced Anglican stamp since his time, Mr. Ffoulkes can be described in no way better than as a Ritualist who has got into Catholic communion by a mistake. Accidents of this kind, no doubt, have sometimes happened in other cases, but the experiences of Catholic life and of a Catholic atmosphere have usually been influential enough to correct and supply whatever was amiss or defective in the minds of those who have strayed into the Kingdom of Heaven without knowing it. But Mr. Ffoulkes, as Napoleon said of the Bourbons, has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. He sings the old songs of Babylon in the streets of Zion. He criticises, and inspects, and finds fault, as if he were still a searcher for the truth, and for an authority to guide him. He is innocently surprised that other people think it scandalous that he should do as a Catholic what it was only simple reason for him to do as a Protestant. "Till," he says, "I had actually been received into communion with Rome, it was my own impression, and I was assured by members of the Roman communion over and over again, that I could never judge of her system at all fairly or adequately, *and this was one of my chief reasons for embracing it when I did*" (p. 3). The italics are ours. We venture to submit to Mr. Ffoulkes that at this rate he ought to go and become a Greek, in order to "judge" the Greek "system fairly and adequately;" and possibly it would be only consistent to take a passing glance at Mahometanism or Buddhism by the way. The idea of entering the Catholic

Church as the Catholic Church and nothing else, seems not to have crossed Mr. Ffoulkes' mind, and his whole behaviour is thus perfectly consistent. He writes to the Archbishop of Westminster just as he would have written, in old times, to the "Bishop" of Oxford, and he is no doubt quite prepared to carry on the controversy, if his Grace should be willing to indulge him. In short, Mr. Ffoulkes, in perfect good faith, and absolute unconsciousness of the absurdity—to use no harder word—of his attitude, behaves exactly as we might expect the whole body of Ritualists, *tutti quanti*, to behave, if they could be admitted to a similar position. No Catholic authority, of course, ever seriously entertained the idea of corporate reunion on the Ritualist basis, but if such an idea had ever been considered as practical, we might feel disposed to tender our thanks to Mr. Ffoulkes for showing us what it might involve.

We may surely say, with perfect fairness as to any historical argument contained in Mr. Ffoulkes' pamphlet, that it is worth just as much in his mouth as it would be in the mouth of Mr. Mackonochie or of Dr. Littledale, and no more. Yet it may also be taken for granted that if either of these gentlemen had been the author of that part of the pamphlet which deals in historical argument, the British public would certainly have paid the work no great attention. We do not deny that the appearance of Mr. Ffoulkes' work may make it opportune for some learned Catholic theologian and historian—for the two qualities ought never to be separated, and in this case their combination is particularly desirable—to traverse the field over which Mr. Ffoulkes has passed. As to this, we have little to add to what we said a year and a half ago, when we had to notice the last volume of the *Divisions of Christendom*.* We need not dwell further upon the details of an argument which in itself would never have raised Mr. Ffoulkes' pamphlet to its rank among the transient scandals of the day. Scandals of any kind, however, may be productive of incidental good, and there need be no doubt that they are permitted to stimulate the acti-

* See the MONTH, vol. vii., p. 180, 181.

vity of the servants of truth. We trust, indeed, to see this particular scandal nobly redeemed by Mr. Ffoulkes himself, when, as we hope will be the case, he submits himself and all his writings in simple obedience to the Church ; but it may also be the occasion for some good historical statement of the events which he has so strangely distorted, which may bring out the true import of the tale of the Eastern schism, and give it its full bearing upon the questions of the day in England. We have no fear whatever for the result.

But there is another part of this pamphlet as to which it may be well to say a few words. We think that any one who has had the happiness to pass through the same outward stages as Mr. Ffoulkes—any one who has known what it may have been, in the first place, to be brought up by good and pious parents in the bosom of Anglicanism, to be taught from early youth to love and honour God, to obey His law and reverence everything upon which His name rests, to practise a strict personal religion, to receive the word of Anglican ministers as that of His true Priests, and to believe that Anglican sacraments were His ordained channels of grace to the soul ; and secondly, after this, to be brought, by the special and undeserved mercy of God, into the full light and perfect peace of Catholic unity—will resent as a rudeness, and almost as a profanation, the call to give an account of his feelings and interior history, first in one case and then in the other, and to measure the grace of God which he enjoyed while unconsciously and unwillingly outside the Church, against the fruits of Catholic sacraments and the thousand blessings of the children of the Faith. Such a person may, for a special purpose—for the glory of God and to help the cause of the Church—give an account of the intellectual steps which he can trace in the gradual advance of his convictions into the full daylight of the Catholic creed ; but intellectual phenomena are far less delicate, far less sacred, than the graces which affect the will, mould the character, fortify the spirit, and purify, enlighten, and elevate the soul. “The Spirit breatheth where He wills, and thou hearest His voice, but thou knowest not whence

He cometh and whither He goeth." "Thy way is in the sea and Thy paths in many waters, and Thy footsteps shall not be known." To our minds the most reprehensible, and, we fear, the most mischievous part of Mr. Ffoulkes' unfortunate pamphlet, is that in which he endeavours to imply the existence of Catholic sacraments in the Anglican communion from his own experience before and after his conversion, and from the comparison which he institutes between good Christians, whom he has known both in the Establishment and as Catholics. Tried by the test of logic, the argument, as drawn out by Mr. Ffoulkes, is utterly worthless. The sacraments are not, as Mr. Ffoulkes seems to suppose, the only channels of divine grace to the soul; and even could we see, as some of the saints have seen, the marvellous and various beauties of a soul dear to God, we should require a gift of special discernment in order to distinguish the effect of the different sacraments from those of the other means of grace and divine gifts enjoyed by Christians. No one denies or doubts the immense goodness of God to those who, in good faith, live and die outside the pale of the Church; but, in the great majority of cases, there is not even what we may call a subjective link between the free graces of God so largely imparted to them and the (so-called) sacraments of a community such as the Anglican Establishment. If Mr. Ffoulkes' argument were worth anything, it would cut away the reality of sacramental grace altogether, for it is unquestionable that there have been and are signal instances of Christian excellence in the lives of Evangelicals among Anglicans, and of others who have neither frequented nor believed in the Anglican sacraments. These persons have certainly known nothing of confession, nor have they attached any high importance to Communion itself, as to which their doctrine has not risen even to the moderate level of such books as the *Christian Year*. Again, if such phenomena are to be weighed and measured, the instances to which Mr. Ffoulkes points, as fruits of the results of what he deems sacramental grace, have been certainly equalled, if not surpassed, among the Dissenters, notably among Wesleyans and Presbyterians.

Does Mr. Ffoulkes extend his theory as to the Anglican sacraments to communities whom, on Anglican grounds, he must consider to possess neither orders nor sacraments? Here, again, he reasons in the most transparent ignorance of the facts and literature of the subject. We have already intimated that he speaks throughout, as far as we can judge, as if he admitted no other channels of grace than sacramental channels. This is a radical and fundamental error as to the distribution of divine grace. Again, he cannot be ignorant of the full and lucid treatment which this very subject has received at the hands of Dr. Newman and of that very Archbishop Manning to whom his pamphlet is nominally addressed. Everything that he says has been confuted beforehand by one or both of these writers.

It must be added, that the argument of which we are speaking is plainly defective on another ground—that of the very limited induction on which it is founded. Mr. Ffoulkes alludes to a number of his own relations, and to a certain family “near Brackley”—who will, probably, not be very grateful to him for dragging them into the sort of half publicity which, to many readers, will be the result of his pointed mention of them—while, on the other hand, he speaks in a vague way of converts in general, and of a village near Seville, and a country-house in Touraine, as furnishing his induction on the Catholic side. There is an almost insolent display of bad taste in his rehearsal and adoption of the Anglican gossip about the “deterioration” of converts—gossip which no serious and respectable author has ever dared to put in print—and about his contrast between the sermons of the Archdeacon of Chichester and the Archbishop of Westminster, as also between the earlier and later style of Dr. Newman. But if we are to have the existence of sacramental grace tested by its fruits, the only argument that is worth attention must be an argument drawn from large, universal, and striking results. It seems to us, in the first place, that men must be blind at noon-day to deny the lavish goodness of God, especially to baptised Christians of all denominations, who follow the law of their conscience and live up to the

light which they possess, and we are ready to go so far with Mr. Ffoulkes as to say that many, who have never seen and known how freely and fully grace is actually distributed to Christians in good faith of communities outside the Church, have a very inadequate and restricted idea of the munificence of the Lover of Souls in this respect. His ways are not as our ways, and His thoughts are not as our thoughts. But, in the second place, it is a proof of a still greater blindness to deny that the possession of the true faith, and of the sacraments of the Catholic Church, raises whole populations who have these gifts far above the level that is reached by the mass even of good Protestants, on the one hand, and makes possible high degrees of sanctity quite unknown outside the Church on the other. The general and special fruits of Catholicism are so far above the general and special fruits of Protestantism, that the difference can only be accounted for by those very facts which Mr. Ffoulkes denies. Take the Catholic peasants of Ireland, take the Italian peasants in the March of Ancona, or in the Sabina, take even, we will venture to say, the Spanish peasantry of that particular village as to the Pastor of which Mr. Ffoulkes has had the bad taste to insinuate a charge he did not dare to make directly—and compare them with labourers in the agricultural districts of England, or—as Mr. Ffoulkes seems proud of his countrymen—with the rural population of Wales. We venture to say, with the most absolute certainty of conviction, that we shall find the Catholics practising, on the whole, a personal purity of life which is unknown even in idea to the Protestants; while among the Protestant populations maxims and habits will be found to prevail, recognised and almost unrebuked, which are in the plainest contradiction to the law of God. Or again, since Mr. Ffoulkes supposes the Anglican clergy to possess the sacramental grace of Orders, let him compare, body against body, the Catholic clergy of France or of Ireland, with the Protestant ministers of the English Establishment. There may be found scandals, perhaps, in all; but we are speaking of the level of ordinary goodness. As a matter of fact, can it be doubted that the level of priestly life

among the Catholic ministry is far higher and far more nearly resembling that of our Lord and His Apostles than the average moral excellence, great as it may be, of the average English parsonage? Imagine the Anglican clergy as a body bound to clerical celibacy, and what would be the result? It is now between thirty and forty years since the Oxford movement began, one of the earliest effects of which was to produce a sentiment of the advantage and dignity of the virginal life, more especially for clergymen. And how far has this movement advanced in the Establishment? The result reminds us of St. Augustine's words in his *Confessions*, "Can you not do *quod hæc et hæc*?" The celibate movement has been mainly confined to the female sex. There have been sisterhoods and religious communities in some abundance, but to no perceptible extent have the Anglican clergy, even those who have been in the first rank of the more advanced party, shared in this manifestation of special and lofty grace.

A similar result is, we are confident, to be found as to the higher and more singular ranges of sanctity. It is difficult for any one who has known even a few of the loftier specimens, so to call them, of Anglican virtue, to speak in apparent disparagement of them; but it is no real disparagement to those who had not certain mighty means of grace, to say that, without those means, they were not what they might have been with them. The controversy about the Church ought never to be hinged on these personal issues; but it may be allowed us to say, that when they are fairly and broadly considered they confirm in a wonderful manner the conclusions of legitimate controversy. Those who have passed from the society of the best of Anglicans to that of good Priests, exemplary Religious, or of pious and devout families among Catholics at home and abroad, will emphatically testify that they have found themselves in both cases among many instances of high virtue and rare excellence, but that the Catholic atmosphere glows with a light and breathes a fragrance of heaven to which they had before been entirely strangers.

Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit
Purpureo,

—it is like the passing from some laboriously-tilled upland in the north of Scotland to the beauty, the luxuriant vegetation, the teeming fertility, and rich variety of fruitfulness of some fair southern climate. Even the standard of excellence seems different in the two cases; in the one it is the patriarchal simplicity and moral goodness of those who lived under the earlier dispensation, in the other it is the fervour, the charity, the joyful and filial union with God which are pictured in the descriptions of Christian life which are to be found in the Epistles of St. Paul. The higher type on each side is as different as the ordinary range of excellence; on the one it is to be seen in the presbytery of Ars, on the other it might be found in the vicarage of Hursley.

Scandals like that of which we have been speaking, caused by personal eccentricity, or the blunders of unconscious ignorance, and having no serious foundation in fact, or in the theory or constitution of the system which for the moment they seem to deface, pass one after another before the public mind as clouds that are driven by the wind along the storm-beaten sides of a mountain. One or two at a time, at the most, can occupy the attention of the world, and thus each one falls rapidly into oblivion, Miss Saurin is already making Mr. Ffoulkes a forgotten prodigy. But drifting clouds show the direction and also the velocity of the wind; and the excitement of the public mind on occasions such as that before us shows us that people are paying a very strained attention indeed to Catholic questions. It remains for Catholics to put the real state of the case—as to their doctrines, their practices, their institutions, and, as far as may be, even their spiritual privileges and interior blessings—before the eyes of their countrymen fairly and candidly, in the various ways open to them, without exaggeration or insolence, as without duplicity or timidity; in the full confidence that truth has a power and a beauty which give it an infinite advantage over falsehood, and that the many gifts which Englishmen have received from Providence are meant to help them on to the still higher blessings of Catholic unity.

Anne Seberin.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AFTER getting rid of the two neighbours whom fate had assigned to her, Evelyn went into a room separated by a little passage from the principal drawing-room. It looked quite dark in comparison with the other, for, instead of being brilliantly illuminated, there was only one window in it, so placed as to throw light on the single picture it contained. This was the portrait Anne had seen in the oratory on the day of the death of the Marquis. Guy had put it back in the place it had formerly occupied.

"What an enchanting face!" Evelyn exclaimed, as she entered the room. She then read the words inscribed on the frame—"Charlotte de Nébriant, Marquise de Villiers, at the age of sixteen." Guy was by her side—he had followed her unawares, and they were alone together.

"That is my mother's picture," he said, "when she was younger even than you are now. It was taken at a time which I never heard much about till quite lately."

"Nor I," Evelyn murmured, as she sunk into an armchair opposite the picture.

Guy said in a low voice, "Did you know that your father loved my mother as much as I——" He stopped short.

Evelyn had burst into tears, and was hiding her face with her hands.

"Good Heavens! what is the matter?" he exclaimed, as she continued to weep without speaking; and bending over her with intense anxiety, he was awaiting her answer, when a sound of voices in the gallery gave notice that several persons were coming that way. Evelyn also heard the noise, and hastily wiping her eyes, she went out through the open window to the terrace, where she stood leaning against the balustrade. Guy followed her. She did not speak, but silently gazed on the flowers and statues of the *parterre*.

At last he said, in an affectionate and earnest manner, "Will you not tell me what agitates you so much?"

Evelyn looked about her, and seeing a bench in the shade under the wall of the house, she went and sat down there, but still remained silent. This drove Guy almost wild. He stood opposite to her, and, in a short, pressing manner, repeated his entreaty.

"Yes," Evelyn said at last, "I will tell you the whole truth. You must hear what I have to say," and in a lower voice she added, "and you must forgive me."

Guy, much surprised, bent down to listen more easily.

"When I heard," she said, "and I did not hear it till I came to France, what had been the reason of my father's going to India, and so, in an indirect way, of the misery of my life, the effect that this knowledge had upon me was to make me hate your mother's memory."

Guy started, and leant against the wall, as if the point of a dagger had touched him. The same words had made Anne shudder a short time before.

"Yes," Evelyn repeated, without looking up, "I hated her, and I hated you also till you came here, because you were her son, and people said you were like her."

Guy kept listening to this strange avowal with surprise and anxiety.

"Afterwards, when I thought"—she hesitated, and her voice became still more agitated—"when I began to perceive that you liked me, I was glad of it, and this was very wrong, as I knew it was out of the question that I could return your feelings. But the bitter resentment I entertained at the thought of what my father had gone through made me enjoy the idea of causing you, the son of the woman who would not love him, the same sort of suffering."

Guy's heart felt deeply and painfully wounded. It was, however, that one sentence she had uttered which had most affected him—"it was out of the question that she could return his feelings." "And is it in order to say these cruel things," he asked, in a faltering voice, "that you have made me wait so many days?"

"No, oh no!" she exclaimed. These words seemed to have fallen involuntarily from Evelyn's lips, and were uttered in quite another tone from those she had uttered before. She felt embarrassed, and stopped short, but what she had said, little as it was, had been sufficient to dispel Guy's gloom. A vague hope rose in his heart, and half leaning, half kneeling, against the bench on which Evelyn was sitting, in a half imploring, half commanding attitude, he whispered to her, "Do not torment me, Evelyn; make me happy or miserable, but give me a positive answer. I intreat you be true, be open with me."

But before she could answer, he suddenly changed his position and the tone of his voice. "Miss Devereux," he said, very loud, "Will you take my arm and walk to the other end of the terrace; the orange trees are in blossom, and the perfume in that part of the garden is so sweet that, with a little stretch of the imagination, we can almost fancy ourselves in Italy, especially on such a beautiful evening as this."

Evelyn looked up, and saw that Madame de Bois Genet and M. des Préaux had made their appearance on the terrace, and were standing near the balustrade.

She rose, and throwing over her head a long white scarf she wore on her shoulders, she took Guy's arm, and they slowly walked together to the opposite end of the terrace.

Madame de Bois Genet watched them for a moment, and then said, with a shrug, "English manners, I suppose. Very improper. Don't you think so?"

"What, what?" asked M. des Préaux, who had seen nothing of what had been going on.

"You must be short-sighted and deaf," Madame de Bois Genet impatiently remarked.

"No, indeed; neither the one nor the other."

"But I say you are."

"But I tell you I am not."

"Well, then, use your eyes."

"Where am I to look?"

"Why, *there*, to be sure."

"Oh, aye; I see."

"Take care, they are coming back; do not look."

But M. des Préaux did look, and more than once, at Guy and Evelyn, who walked two or three times up and down the terrace.

A few, a very few words had passed between them at the outset of that walk, but they were words which had made them forget everything but their two selves, and they were silently moving backwards and forwards on that perfumed terrace, without a thought of the eyes which, from every window of the drawing-room, were fixed upon them.

Anne had remained at the same place where M. des Préaux had left her after dinner. She was looking, in a vague, unconscious manner, at the flowers and the dark masses of trees in the distance. Once, Evelyn's white gown seemed to pass close to her. She saw her eyes looking up into her companion's face; she saw the diamonds sparkling on her breast; she saw her white veil like a delicate cloud surrounding her beautiful head; and she closed her own eyes with a sense of pain. What she had witnessed was like the flash of lightning which precedes a thunder-clap.

During the rest of that evening a vague idea remained in her mind that Evelyn had come into the drawing-room, had been surrounded by all the company, and led to the pianoforte, where, with more than usual expression and emotion, she had sung the air of the *Somnambula*—"Ah! non giunge uman pensiero!" She remembered having refused to accompany Evelyn on account of a splitting headache, which made her feel faint and giddy. At last the hour of departure had arrived; the silence, the darkness of the carriage, the cold night air, had given her a little relief.

When she arrived at the Chalet her ideas seemed confused, a heavy lassitude oppressed her limbs. She slowly walked up the little oak-wood staircase and went into her own room, without a word having passed between her and Evelyn.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEN Anne woke on the following morning she felt at once that she was very ill. Her sleep had been feverish and disturbed, and now she could hardly move her aching limbs, or raise her throbbing head. Still, she made an effort to rise. Jeanneton, seeing how ill she looked, tried to induce her not to get up, but Anne was obstinately bent upon it. Evelyn was to go at ten.

"Leave me alone, Jeanneton. I will rest later; I promise you I will." And with an effort which a less energetic nature would have been incapable of, she dressed and went downstairs.

Evelyn was finishing a hasty breakfast. The Vicomtesse was to call for her in her travelling carriage, and soon the wheels were heard rolling on the gravel yard. Evelyn jumped up, kissed Madame Séverin, and then, throwing her arms round Anne, she whispered, "I will write to you, dear Anne; you will soon know all." A minute afterwards she was seated by the Vicomtesse, and soon the chariot and four disappeared on the high road.

This happened to be the day on which, once a month, M. Séverin went to the town of M——. His wife and daughter generally accompanied him, in order to shop and pay visits. Anne found some excuse for staying at home that morning, and when, about an hour after the departure of her young friend, she saw her parents drive off in their little pony carriage, leaving her to herself for a great part of the day, her first feeling was one of great relief.

For several days she had been going through inexpressible suffering in soul, mind, and body, which had been aggravated by an intense and morbid desire to conceal it from her mother. Madame Séverin was, however, too clear-sighted not to perceive the misery of her child, but she had ascribed it to one cause alone, and had thought it better to delay all allusion to the subject until after Evelyn's departure. She did not yet know much, but she feared and foresaw all—all, poor woman, except the trial which was awaiting her on that very day.

When Anne found herself alone in the drawing-room she seemed to breathe more freely, and lying back in an armchair, remained quite motionless. After a while her tears began to flow, and this seemed to ease her heart. Her head, however, was getting more and more heavy, her eyelids were closing, and sleep stealing over her. The bright daylight, however, seemed to hurt her eyes. She got up and let down the folds of the thick green curtains; then, sitting down again in the armchair, thanks to the silence and darkness of the room, to the fatigue of a sleepless night, and the feverish suffering of the previous hours, she soon fell fast asleep. She had been slumbering in this way for two hours, when the noise of the door-bell and hasty steps in the hall suddenly roused her. She raised her heavy head, and

before she could recal her scattered thoughts, and remember where she was, the door opened, and Guy was half way across the drawing-room.

He was surprised at the darkness, and looked about him without seeing at first where Anne was. But in a moment, as his eye got accustomed to the absence of light, he went up to the armchair where she was sitting.

"Are you ill, dear Anne?" he exclaimed.

Anne touched her forehead, and then, pointing to the window, said, "The light made my head ache," and she made a sign to him to draw aside the curtain.

"No, no," he answered, "you were asleep, I am afraid, dear Anne."

She said, in a loud voice, "Yes, I was so tired."

"Then I had better, perhaps, go away," Guy hesitatingly suggested. "Still, it would be very important that I should speak to you. Can you listen to me?"

"Yes, oh yes," Anne said, rousing herself, and recovering, for an instant, all her energy.

"Is Séverin out?"

"Yes, and my mother also."

Guy walked two or three times up and down the room, and then, coming back to Anne, said, "I really must speak to you, for I am going away."

In spite of the painful throbbing of her head, heart, and pulse, Anne listened attentively, only murmuring, as if she had not quite understood his last words, "You are going?"

"Yes, but first I must tell you what you will be very sorry to hear. Poor Madame Lamigny died last night."

"She is dead!" Anne exclaimed, and as she uttered the words, she began to sob hysterically.

Guy was so accustomed to see her always calm and self-possessed, that he was quite surprised at this vehement emotion.

"Never mind," she said, trying to get the better of her agitation, "never mind; it will be over in a moment. But that poor woman; I did not expect she would die so soon, it took me by surprise. Now go on."

Guy then said, "I am going to the Pré Saint Clair, and I shall stay with Franz to-day and to-morrow; but the day after to-morrow I must go to Paris, and it would be out of my way to come back to Villiers, so I came to say good-bye, dearest Anne."

"Good-bye?" Anne slowly repeated, in a voice which would have sounded strange in his ears, if he had not been so engrossed by what he was about to add.

"I could not go away," he hurriedly said, "without telling you everything. But perhaps you have already heard it from Evelyn? Did she tell you last night?"

"Oh, yes, I know," Anne answered, speaking very fast. "Last

night on the terrace you settled it all between yourselves, I suppose?"

"Yes, dear little sister, yes," he answered, kissing her hand.

"But I thought"—she paused, trying to collect her thoughts—"I thought it could not be."

She was trying to recollect what Evelyn had said about being engaged to be married. For the last few days she had been continually dwelling on that thought, but now she was not able to remember what had passed between them on that subject. There was nothing but pain and confusion in her head.

"What do you mean?" Guy said.

"I don't know," she answered, pressing her hand to her forehead. "I think I am still half asleep; I cannot think."

"My poor darling, I ought not to have awakened you so suddenly. Only one word more. Keep my secret for a few days. And now good-bye, dear Anne."

"Good-bye," she murmured, "good-bye. You must be going. That poor Franz and Evelyn. . . . Eve——."

Her head fell back against the back of the arm-chair. Guy, who could not see her face, concluded that she had fallen asleep again, in spite of her efforts to keep awake. He gently pressed her hand, which he was still holding, and then, without making any noise, left the room.

An hour afterwards, when Madame Séverin returned to the chalet, she found her daughter, not asleep, but motionless and cold. She had fainted. The emotions of the last few days had aggravated the illness which had been for some time carried on, and Anne, on the following night, was dangerously ill.

For three whole weeks M. and Madame Séverin did not leave the bedside of their daughter, and went through, during that time, such poignant anxiety, that the father's silvered hair and the mother's worn face bore witness afterwards to the anguish they had suffered.

It would not answer our purpose to dwell on those scenes of woe. Those who are best acquainted with this kind of trial seldom bring themselves to recal its harrowing details. We shall therefore make no mention of the hopes and fears and anxious misery of that short month, which seemed like an age to all concerned, and at once pass on to the day when Anne had for the first time left her sick room, and was lying on a sofa in the little drawing-room of the chalet, as near as possible to the garden. The sky was bright, the air soft, and everybody was happy, for it was now some days since all anxiety had vanished, and the young girl, for whose life so many loving hearts had trembled, was now once more among her relatives and friends. M. le Curé was there, and even Franz had been admitted for the first time that day. Sylvain was joyfully carrying away on a tray the remains of a meal which his dear Mademoiselle Anne had greatly enjoyed. Flowers and books, and everything which could contribute to her

pleasure and amusement, were placed within her reach, and she was feeling in herself that delightful sensation of returning health, that triumphant reaction which seems, in a young frame, like the triumph of life over death. For a moment endangered by hostile influences, the former reasserts its claims, resumes its sway, and with it reappear all the bright train of youthful hopes, real or delusive, as may be, but always charming, always bright.

There was a change in the expression of Anne's sweet face. It was more thoughtful, more grave, perhaps; and yet a smile often hovered on her lips, and there was a happy look in her eyes. This, almost more than anything else, seemed to fill Madame Séverin's heart with a joy so intense, but yet so mixed with the recollections of her recent anguish, that she was obliged to turn away in order to conceal the tears she could not repress. She went to the table where her husband was writing—or rather, holding a pen in his hand, and the Curé sitting near him. The latter looked at Madame Séverin, and read her thoughts.

"Yes," he said, "thank God that we see that dear child as she is to-day, after so many delirious nights and miserable days. As to the future, let us leave it to God, without looking forward too much. The proverb says, 'Everything comes at the right time to those who know how to wait,' and I say, to those who hope. Believe me, dear friends, I speak in the name of Him who loves your child better than you do yourselves."

Pierre Séverin looked up and said, "Better, certainly, than I have ever loved her. Alas! that is not saying much."

The Curé made no answer. The wound that rankled in the poor father's heart required to be gently dealt with, and he thought it wiser to divert his thoughts to some of the subjects which usually filled up his active though solitary life, and at last he persuaded him to take one of those long walks he was accustomed to, but which, since his daughter's illness, he had given up. Madame Séverin was delighted to see them going out together, and, after they had left the house, returned to her daughter's side, who had, in the meantime, been conversing with Franz.

"Really, M. Franz, if I did not feel so well, I should fancy by your grave looks that I must still be very ill."

"No, indeed, Mdlle. Anne. I am very happy that you are better, but I cannot help thinking how ill you have been. It has made me so unhappy."

"I know it, Monsieur Franz, and I am very grateful. You have also had a great sorrow since we have met."

"My poor aunt? Yes, I loved her almost as a mother."

"Her death was so sudden," Anne said, "for she was taken ill only on the day——." She stopped, and her cheek became flushed, for she had not yet recovered her strength; and these words reminded her of the evening at the chateau, when Guy had told her his friend would not come; of his visit on the morning when he had informed her of Madame Lamigny's death, and what

he had said afterwards. She remained silent for a moment, trying to collect her thoughts, and almost forgetting that Franz was there.

On one subject Anne felt greatly perplexed. Now that her mind was recovering its powers, she remembered perfectly that Guy had asked her to keep his secret for a few days. She was by this time aware that weeks had passed since that moment, and she wondered that none of those about her seemed to know anything of his engagement, and that, since his departure, there had been no letters from him. His name, even, had not once been mentioned before her. She had no idea of the words which had fallen from her lips when she was delirious, and so could not guess how afraid her parents were of giving her Guy's and Evelyn's letters, or of mentioning them before her.

At last Franz broke the silence, and said, "Yes, my poor aunt died on the night of the fête at Villiers. I had only the good Curé with me at the time, but Guy came the next morning."

Anne looked up, and Madame Séverin glanced anxiously at Franz, who did not observe it, and went on—

"He stayed with me all that day and the next; but, as you know, he was obliged to set off early on the Saturday, to join his bride at Paris, and go on with her to Germany and Italy. He cannot have heard of your illness till all danger was over."

Anne made no comment on these words, but kept rolling in her fingers the ends of the long blue sash which fastened her white muslin dressing-gown. Poor Madame Séverin was anxiously waiting for the first words her daughter would utter. Anne's silence, her very composure, alarmed her. She kept praying in her heart, without venturing to speak. At last Anne raised her beautiful eyes, and looked at Madame Séverin. In an instant, without words, without explanations, the mother and daughter understood each other. Not a shade of doubt remained on their souls as to what they felt in that hour.

Anne threw her arms round her mother's neck. "Do not be afraid," she whispered; "I am really cured."

"My darling treasure," her mother answered, as she pressed her to her heart, and kissed her cheeks, her forehead, and her hair with passionate fondness.

This interchange of thought and burst of tenderness had been so sudden and brief, that even if Franz had been looking at them he would have hardly seen in it anything but a natural expression of affection between the mother and daughter. But it so happened that he was not attending to them at all. His thoughts were far away, and by the time he awakened from his fit of musing Madame Séverin had left the room, to go and pray and weep for joy in the church.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ANNE was the first to speak. "When do you go?" she asked.

"I was just thinking," he replied, "of my departure, and of the difference between the way in which I was to have travelled a month ago, and that in which I shall now have to go."

"True; you were then to have had a companion."

"Yes, Guy was to have been my companion—or, rather, I was to have been his. Now it is so different."

"But you will join him, I suppose?"

"Yes, at Rome;" and Franz became absent again.

"At Rome!" Anne slowly repeated the words, and a whole torrent of recollections rushed into her mind.

Rome—the great, the holy, the Eternal City! Rome, which had been to Guy and herself the object of so many thoughts, studies, and hopes! How often they had planned to visit it together, and, with the records of bygone ages in their hands, to follow, step by step, the footprints of the men who have trod its classic soil! To venerate the sacred memorials the Saints have left on its hallowed ground, and to worship God in the grandest of His living works, the Church, whose home He has appointed in the chosen city, fated to be great in every way and every age,—this was a vision which had survived the first change which had taken place in their young lives; as his sister, if not as his wife, Anne was to have been one day Guy's companion in this pilgrimage to Rome. Even a month ago, he would not have dreamed of any other.

These thoughts renewed the pang, the painful wonderment, which had added so much bitterness to the silent sacrifice of her own happiness. "And at those holy places, and in those sacred shrines," she mentally exclaimed, "he will kneel *alone*."

The image of Evelyn standing coldly and scornfully in those sanctuaries where she herself had so often in spirit knelt by his side, rose sadly before her, and made her heart ache.

"It is such an extraordinary change!" Franz suddenly exclaimed. "Let me speak to you about it."

Anne looked at him anxiously. She thought he was alluding to what was passing in her own mind. But her attention was rivetted when he went on to say—

"Let me tell you of the great, the blessed change, which has taken place in my life. I want you to know it, because it is you who unconsciously—— But shall I tire you too much? You are not perhaps strong enough to-day?"

"No, no," she quickly replied; "on the contrary, I have been so long without speaking—without conversing, at least—that it does me good to talk. I assure you it does."

And this was true. It was not in her nature to shut up all her feelings, as she had done before her illness; and now, with

returning health, her natural character reappeared, as well as that charming quality of sympathy with others which made her share their sorrows and joys as if, and even more than if, they had been her own.

"Well," Franz began, "I was saying, Mademoiselle Anne, that I cannot explain or account for it, but so it is, you were the first to awaken in my soul, I do not say *faith*—no, faith is a gift that no human being, not even an angelic one, can bestow—but the wish, the desire to try and fill up the void which its absence occasioned in my soul."

Anne's eyes began to glisten at these words. He went on—

"Without you I might have gone on, perhaps, enduring this pain, this void, long enough to get used to it, or even to cease to feel it at all. I am not going to tell you what you have been to me. God knows it; in this world you never will. But one evening, here in this room, one happy evening, the Abbé Gabriel was sitting at that table, you were sitting by him. A book, this volume of Pascal's, brought about a conversation, in the course of which a strange change came over me. I can hardly describe it. It was as if the spark of faith and love in my soul suddenly kindled into a flame. Oh, that evening! I shall never forget it."

"Nor I either," Anne murmured, with a repressed anguish, which Franz did not notice.

"I went home with the Abbé Gabriel, and we went on conversing half the night. What can I say? I need not weary you with a long story. I will only tell you this much, I have obtained that blessed gift, I possess that wonderful blessing—that blessed, blessed faith!"

On Anne's pale face beamed at that moment the heavenly joy, the only one of the angels' joys which we have been told of. Her sorrow, her sickness, her feebleness seemed to vanish at once. She rose from the sofa as if all the effects of her illness had disappeared, and giving her hand to Franz, she said, "Oh, how good God is!"

Franz, as he took that little hand, saw through the thin muslin of her sleeve the mark of the wound on her arm. He gazed silently a minute at that white scar, and felt inclined to kiss it; but suddenly changing his mind, he dropped the hand he had for a moment held in his, and said, in a faltering voice, and looking still paler than usual, "Excuse this long visit; I shall, if I may, come and see you again before I go, to say good-bye. And when I am gone, you will pray for me."

He then left the room. Anne was less surprised at this abrupt departure than at the way in which he had opened his heart to her, and far, far too happy to have leisure for other thoughts.

Franz had seen Anne for the first time on the morrow of the day when she had so providentially interfered in the terrible scene between Guy and his father, and no woman before or since had ever seemed to him so fair, so pure, or so lovely. He had

never separated her in his thoughts from the friend whose attachment to her he had long known of. If ever his mind or his eyes fixed themselves for an instant on her image apart from his, it was unconsciously. She was the only person he considered worthy of Guy's affection, and when she refused him his surprise was unbounded. He could not conceive that it was her own feeling which had influenced her decision, and fully convinced as he was that Guy's would remain unchanged, he confidently looked forward to a time when this misunderstanding, as he considered it, would be cleared up, and only felt anxious that his friend should remain worthy of that pure love of his youth.

When he returned to Villiers, Evelyn had been about two months at the chalet. As an artist he could not help admiring the dazzling beauty of the English girl, but he was also struck with the contrast between her beauty and the more sober loveliness of Anne, whose face he was always reproducing in his pictures when he wanted to paint an ideal type of innocence and dignity. The contrast was not, in his opinion, in Evelyn's favour, but he did not give utterance to his opinion. Silence was so much his wont, that he found no difficulty in this instance in keeping his thoughts to himself. But as he could not help looking on Anne as his friend's guardian angel, he had a secret misgiving that the captivating stranger would prove Guy's evil genius.

He had felt provoked at his admiration of her, and the influence she seemed to exercise over him, but at the same time he had not been at all prepared for the news of his engagement. Guy had communicated the fact to him on the eve of his departure, and it filled him with surprise and regret. His mind was, however, so occupied at that moment on the one hand by the great change at work within him, and on the other by the death of his aunt and the business it entailed, and then by Anne's dangerous illness, that he had hardly had leisure to dwell much on this important event in Guy's life. And yet what concerned his friend had ever been his principal interest. He seldom felt anxious, or even solicitous, as to his own fate. Art and genius had formed for Franz a beautiful interior life, even before truth had thrown open to him regions of divine light. And as to earthly happiness, he had so little dreamed of it for himself, that when a dream of it crossed his mind, it was like a vision, new and startling.

For one moment thoughts crowded into his mind with a rapidity which human language could not express. Indescribable emotions stirred the very depths of his soul; respect seemed to grow into worship, tenderness into love. Instead of the regret he had hitherto felt that Guy and Anne were for ever separated, a sudden passionate hope had thrilled through his soul as he bent over her hand; and when he had relinquished that hand without kissing it, a victory had been won, a crown of triumph earned.

Yes, when he sat that night in the little study, the only room

he occupied in the house which was now his own, and held converse with his heart, he could feel that if for one instant it had faltered, that instant had been short. He had indeed longed for one minute to cast himself at Anne's feet; passionate words were rising to his lips, but as the sky on a fair summer night, after a sudden flash of lightning, is soon smiling again in peaceful beauty, so his soul, after that brief storm, quickly resumed its deep tranquillity. He looked at the dark blue sky and the stars with a strange sort of happiness—a grateful sense of strength, joy, and happiness.

And why, why had he turned away from that fair vision? Where was the obstacle, whose the voice which warned him from that bright hope? Anne and Guy were for ever parted. Nothing forbade his seeking, striving—aye, perhaps obtaining one day the purest of earthly joys, the highest of earthly blessings. What was then the secret power leading him on to unknown, nameless regions, higher than as yet his own thought had ever reached?

He could not fathom the mystery, but it seemed as if an invisible chain had been broken in that hour, and his soul set free. An irresistible attraction was drawing him upwards, and he felt as sure of reaching that divine goal as the arrow speeding to the point where a guiding hand has directed its flight.

Two days afterwards Franz took leave of Anne Séverin, never to see her again in this world.

CHAPTER LX.

GUY had written several times to Anne, in great anxiety about her health and joy at her recovery. When she was quite well again, her mother gave her his letters, and also one from Evelyn. She first read Guy's, and then opened Evelyn's, which was dated from Milan—

Evelyn Devereux to Anne Séverin.

MY DEAR ANNE,—I had promised to write to you, and I should have done so sooner if it had not been for your illness. While we felt anxious about you, I could not have spoken of anything else. Now, thank God, you are quite well, and perhaps you thought I had forgotten my promise; but I assure you I have not—on the contrary, I have been longing to write, for there is nobody in whom I have so much confidence as you. It was your own fault that you did not know long ago everything I felt as much as I did myself. It is a great relief to open one's heart; I quite agree with you there, though I cannot go the length you do about its becoming, under certain circumstances, something sacred and divine, which you call a sacrament. But it is not of that I want to write—I have something more important to tell you.

You heard, I know, from Guy that our marriage was settled, though it is not to be at once declared. We wait till my relations in England are informed of it; and I have reasons to apprehend that some of them will be anything but pleased at the announcement. I am sure you remember a conversation we had together at the chalet, a few days before M. de Villier's arrival, when I told you a secret which surprised you even then, and must, I think, have made you wonder very much at what has happened since. Oh, my dear Anne! I was very uneasy and anxious those last days at the chalet.

I used to cry very often when I was alone. Many a time I wanted to speak to you openly, and then my courage failed; you did not meet me half way. Well, it all came to the point, and Guy told you of our being engaged; but he did not know how much you would be surprised, for he was not aware, and, indeed, he is not now aware, of what I told you.

When Anne came to this sentence, she read it twice over. "Is not deceiving, lying?" she mentally exclaimed, as she had once done before; and then eagerly read on—

I will tell you all about it now. You know how unhappy I was with my aunt. In spite of all she could do, and though Oakwood was a magnificent place, I always hated it, and felt lonely and out of spirits there. The truth is, my uncle and aunt did not care for me. They had never had any children of their own, to their great disappointment, and instead of finding any pleasure in having me with them, I think it only increased their regrets. Lady Cecilia performed her duty very conscientiously, but I saw very well she did not care the least for me. Now and then we had people staying in the house, and for a few days I was amused, but afterwards I only felt more painfully the dullness of my life. It was then that I began to yearn for my father's return, in the wild way I described to you. It was only in his letters that I found anything like real affection, and every bit of love in my heart was given to him.

A little more than a year ago, my mother and Lady Cecilia's brother, the Marquis of Hartleigh, came to Oakwood with his second son, Lord Vivian Lyle. I had only seen this cousin of mine once when I was a child, and he was just going to Oxford. Since then he had travelled, and we had not met again. He looked to me very grave and silent, but when he did begin to talk I saw that people seemed interested in his conversation. He had taken high honours at Oxford, and was considered to be a rising man. It was expected he would play a part in politics, and, though the second son, he was more thought of in his family than his elder brother. Lord Lyle had just married then, and cared for nothing but racing and hunting. Still, with all that, Vivian did not take my fancy. He was too stiff and severe, and I felt rather afraid of him; but at the same time it was impossible not to look up to him, and when he gave me any advice, or even found fault with me, which often happened, I could not help attending to what he said.

My aunt was a thorough woman of the world, fond of fashion and society, but wonderfully exact in her religious observances. I might have been the same but for the spirit of opposition, which she had a particular talent for arousing in me. Just because she went to church regularly, I regularly stayed away, and often did not come down to family prayers. On Sundays, I amused myself in any way I could, and once, when I was staying at a house where they did not consider it wrong to have music on Sunday evening, I sang with great readiness. Few people had heard me at that time, and, as I have a good voice, it was talked about everywhere. I observed the next day that Vivian's manner to me was quite changed. He used to watch me a great deal, and I hardly knew if I liked it or not. On the one hand, it flattered my vanity; but, at the same time, it was troublesome to have that calm, but always serious, grave, look of his directed towards me. But on the day I am speaking of, he did not take the least notice of me, and I heard him tell my uncle when we were at dinner that he was going away the next morning. Well, I could not help it, tears stood in my eyes. He was severe, stern, and imperious, he had often found fault with me in a way I did not like, and yet I felt that I should miss dreadfully the sort of interest he took in me. When I left the dining-room—in England, you know, the women come out before the men—I went and sat alone in a corner of the drawing-room. Vivian found me there, and to my great surprise looked pale and agitated. I was quite thrown off my guard, and murmured something about his going away. "I go away," he said, "because I am afraid to stay." "Why afraid to stay?" "I will tell you why—I am afraid of falling in love with you, and, if it is still in

time, I wish to escape that misery." I felt flattered and touched, and answered, "Why should it be a misery, Vivian?" "Because," he replied, with a look and manner I can never forget, "because you will never love any one as I should desire to be loved; because you are vain, coquettish, and wayward; because there is scarcely a point on which we agree; because you disregard duties which I consider as sacred. In short, because you are totally unlike, except as far as beauty goes, the idea I had formed since my boyhood of the woman I should wish to call my wife. And yet, in spite of it all, if this evening, if now, you were to put your hand in mine, I could not relinquish it. I should keep it, and never, never give it up again; we should be bound to each other till death. It is better then that I should go." There was something in these strange words, and the way in which he uttered them, that flattered my pride more than any of the compliments I had ever received. Without an instant's hesitation, by an irresistible impulse, I gave him my hand, and said, "Take it then, and make me into the woman you would have liked to marry."

It was in this manner that I engaged myself, and when I thought it over afterwards alone in my room, I felt almost frightened at what I had done; but we were then expecting my father soon to come back, and had agreed to tell no one of what had passed between us till he arrived. I comforted myself with the thought that he would give me his advice, and that without his consent and approval I could not be irrevocably bound. You know the terrible disappointment I was doomed to suffer—the overwhelming news which dashed all my hopes. I have often spoken to you of that grief, but did not mention what comfort I found in Vivian's affection and sympathy. But when, a month afterwards, I insisted on going to France, he set his face strongly against it, and provoked me by his violence on the subject, and I told him one day that rather than give it up, I would break off my engagement. He smiled in rather a strange manner, and, after remaining silent for a few instants, said, "Well, after all, I do not see why I should be so determinedly opposed to a journey which will afford you a change of air and scene, which perhaps you really want. You may go, Evelyn. Except there were more decided objections to this plan, I ought not so absolutely to set my will against your's." On the following day, he brought me a Bible and a prayer-book—with his initials and the date of our engagement—and he earnestly charged me to beware of your wiles, dear Anne, for he guessed you were a dangerous Papist, and told me to be particularly on my guard with your Priests. He said my safety would lie in the constant study of the Gospels, which Catholics were forbidden to read, and desired me carefully to abstain from entering with you on any subject of controversy.

I tell you all this in order to make you understand the state of my mind when I arrived. I soon found out in how many ways he was mistaken. I know, however, that he was quite sincere in what he had said, and hoped that his spirit of justice and fairness would make it easy to remove his prejudices. In the meantime, I complied exactly with his directions, as you well know. He had a singular power of influencing my will. I have often been constrained to submit to others, but never of my own accord obeyed anybody but him.

As Anne went on with this letter, she felt more and more puzzled. Far from accounting for Evelyn's conduct, it seemed to make it only the more inexplicable.

After I had heard from the Curé of Villiers the history of my father's passion for Guy's mother, and that it was this disappointment which had driven him away from England, and thus saddened my childhood and my youth, I took a dislike to her, which extended to her son. He arrived soon afterwards; and now, dear Anne, my story becomes a kind of confession—at any rate, a painful avowal.

Vivian was quite right when he said I was vain. I found it easy to please, and I liked to make the trial. I had not the least idea of being faithless to my

engagement, but I wished to captivate that young French marquis, and rather enjoyed the idea that if he proposed to me, I should tell him I was engaged to somebody else, and that the son of the beautiful Charlotte would feel some of the pangs she had inflicted on my father. I know this was wrong, very wrong, and very foolish too. For when, that evening after I had been singing—you know the way in which Guy listens to music—he all at once uttered some decisive words, instead of feeling triumph, I was thrown into perfect despair. I gave him no positive answer, and rushed into the garden, where I cried my eyes out, for I felt more agitated than I can describe. To see a man so eager, so impetuous, so high spirited, speaking to me with so much humility and tenderness, seemed so extraordinary. His respectful affection seemed to raise me to a pinnacle, and I did not feel the courage to reject him. I saw then how wickedly and absurdly I had behaved. When I thought of Vivian, I could do nothing but cry, I was so full of agitation and remorse. I was evidently betraying the one and deceiving the other; and, believe it as you will, I had the greatest trouble all the time to know my own mind. If anybody would have told me then the real state of my feelings, I should have been very grateful. Sometimes I thought of Vivian's earnest affection as a sacred tie which I could not slight without guilt, and then the next moment it seemed a very tame sort of regard in comparison with Guy's ecstatic and boundless admiration, and that if my feelings were changed I could not be expected to keep the promise I had made. I was quite wild with perplexity, and seriously thought at one moment of going to the Abbé Gabriel and asking his advice.

On the morning before I left Villiers I had not yet made up my mind. I was frightened at the very idea of what Vivian would think if I ever owned to him what I was then going through; and I foresaw that I should not be able to keep it from his knowledge, for it is just as difficult to me to deceive him as to disobey him. And then I could not bear the idea of never loving Guy again, if I made up my mind to tell him the state of the case. I determined, however, that I would do so. In the evening at the chateau, as soon as we were alone together, I began the difficult avowal, and told him of my perverse idea of making his regard for me the means of revenging his mother's indifference for my father; and I added, with a great effort, that it was not in my power to return his affection. He seemed so surprised, so grieved, and his countenance showed such intense anxiety when he asked, "If that was all I had to say to him," that I could not help exclaiming, "No," with an emotion which I really felt at the moment. He perceived it—and then I had not the courage to undeceive him. He was satisfied that, whatever I had felt before, I cared for him then. I could not say exactly what we said to each other afterwards; but what decided me at last was when he whispered, "You wanted to avenge your father; but who knows whether by accepting me you will not be fulfilling his wishes? Perhaps this was what he thought of when he so earnestly desired we should meet." Whether there was truth or not in this, it turned the scales with me; and I then felt that it would be much less painful to me to write to Vivian that our engagement was at an end, than to make up my mind to part for ever with Guy. It was all settled, as you know, that night; and I meant to write at once to Vivian, but when I tried to write the letter, I found it more difficult than I expected. I put it off from day to day, feeling that I was only making matters worse by delay. At last I accomplished this task, and last night I sent off my letter to him.

This is my history, dear Anne; and, now that I have told you everything, I shall be glad if you will advise, or even lecture, so that you still love,

Your very grateful and affectionate friend,

EVELYN DEVEREUX.

We are not to be married till the spring.

This letter puzzled and saddened Anne. She was certainly not deficient in intelligence, but the simplicity of her own character made it difficult for her to understand Evelyn's. She

seemed truthful, on no account would she have told a lie, and yet she was acting with extraordinary duplicity. Her heart and her principles were good, she was even to a certain degree pious, and yet she yielded to all the suggestions of pride and vanity, submitted without resistance to the most contrary influences, and, in short, always found a pretext for indulging the fancy of the moment. She thought these contradictions quite inexplicable, and did not perceive that what Evelyn failed in was the habit of examining her conscience and conquering her inclinations.

There are persons so happily constituted that they seem almost without effort to act in the best way. They go through life without soiling the purity of their conscience, and, whatever they are, their souls belong to God and the truth; but they are the exception to the rule. He who said, "He was come to save not the just but sinners," and to "Heal not the whole but the sick," knew the weakness of man's heart, and left on earth a divine remedy. He alone can read the complicated mysteries hidden in the souls of those who refuse to have recourse to it.

In the meantime, Anne could only repeat to herself that Guy's fate was decided, and she tried to feel resigned; but this letter, in spite of herself, renewed all her trouble of mind. Difference of religion in itself raised a barrier between Evelyn and Guy, and now, in her folly, she was raising another by her inexplicable dissimulation—she who always professed to be so singularly honest and sincere. But if Anne knew little of Evelyn's character, she was perfectly acquainted with Guy's, and shuddered at the thought of what he would feel when at last Evelyn would have to own to him the deceit she had practised. His passion for her might, indeed, survive that avowal, but surely not his esteem and confidence. And though he had struggled with his violence of temper since his father's death, so as apparently to have subdued it, she did not feel certain that so sudden and sharp a trial would not overcome his self-command. Anne dwelt on these thoughts with a swelling heart. She had felt it right to sacrifice her own happiness, and had made the effort with a firmness derived from a habit of mind exactly contrary to Evelyn's; but had she given him up in order to see him less happy and less good? With his sort of character, the two were closely connected. The sacrifice she had made appeared in a new light to the poor girl. She began to doubt its wisdom and justice, and this misgiving occasioned her the most poignant regret. She went out to try and shake off this impression, but everything reminded her of the past. Much as she had suffered during Evelyn's visit, she could not help missing her. Franz, that faithful, devoted, kind friend, was also gone. All was lonely and sad; and the most painful part of it was the necessity of concealing from her parents what she suffered. Not for the world would she have grieved her mother, or added in the least to her father's sorrow. The words, "It is more than I can bear," rose to her lips, but she instantly

checked them, and mentally exclaimed, "No, my Lord, never, never will I utter such a thought as that." Then hastening to her wonted refuge, she spent half an hour in prayer in the church, and afterwards walked to the presbytery.

The Curé opened the door himself. He had just been saying his office in his garden. It was the first time Anne had spoken to him of all that had happened before her illness. On the eventful eve of the fête at the chateau, she had tried to see him, but he was absent. The conversation which now took place between the old Priest and the young girl, was long and sad. Anne, for the first time, seemed weighed down with grief. Her tears often flowed as she opened her overcharged heart to her aged friend, but it did not seem to find in this, as usual, immediate consolation.

The Curé listened, and said little at first. He did not want to console her just then as much as to raise her above her own trials, and divert her thoughts from herself. He read Evelyn's letter, and a thought crossed his mind, to which he deemed it more prudent not to give utterance. "No, God will take care of the future," he said to himself; "we can only deal with the present." He made a short silent prayer, and then said to Anne, "Are you quite strong again?"

"Yes, Father," she answered, rather surprised.

"You do not look as if you had been ill; but have you quite recovered your strength?"

"Yes, quite," Anne replied, surprised at these questions; and she added, "I never felt better in my life, or more active. As far as my health is concerned, you need not have the least anxiety."

"I beg your pardon, my dear child. I really do want to make sure that you are in a state to encounter a good deal of fatigue, and perhaps——" He stopped a minute, and then said, "And some little danger perhaps."

Anne eagerly looked up. "I cannot guess what you mean," she said; "but I promise to undertake anything you think me fit for."

"Well, there is a great deal of sickness in the village of Sérigny, on the other side of Hauteville. The three Sisters who teach the schools have been obliged to leave the children and devote themselves to the sick. It would be an object to find some active persons willing to supply their place in the school, or even to assist them in their present work."

The heavy depression which had been weighing on Anne's heart seemed at once to disappear. "I am ready," she exclaimed. "When can I go?"

A kind smile brightened the old man's face. He had succeeded in what he wanted, and the rest would follow. "I must settle this matter with your parents," he said, "who will be, I hope, as courageous as yourself. You will go, I expect, in a few days. In the meantime, go in peace, and God be with you."

The Abbé Gabriel, acting like a skilful physician who relies on the strength of his patient, had applied with a firm hand an heroic remedy—to an heroic soul.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE London season was drawing to a close. The traditional fish dinner at Greenwich had taken place. Members of Parliament were turning their thoughts, some to their country homes, some to Scotland and the Moors; others were calculating how many miles they could manage to travel over on the Continent during the recess.

Just at that time, a young but already influential member of the House of Commons, was riding home from the House through Hyde Park at the hour when all the London society is crowded into whatever part of it happens to be in fashion at the time. He was passing slowly through the crowd, and bowing in an absent, careless manner to the numerous acquaintances who recognised him.

Amongst those whom he met were his two sisters. One of them was married, the other a young girl of seventeen. The husband of the former was taking care of them both. Lord Vivian Lyle, for the young man was Evelyn's cousin, immediately joined the family party, and they had been riding together for a few minutes when they heard behind them loud and excited cries and shouting. Turning round, Vivian saw a horseman run away with, and coming towards them at a furious pace. He instantly contrived to push his youngest sister's horse out of the way, but in doing so he exposed himself to the danger from which he had saved her, and was knocked down by the unfortunate rider, who had lost all power of directing his course. There was a general rush and cry, but the alarm soon subsided when Lord Vivian was seen standing up, and about to get on his horse again. But when he tried to use his arm, he found he could not move it without intense pain; and it was soon ascertained that he had broken his arm and put out his shoulder. This accident compelled him to remain a prisoner in his house, and to place himself under the care of the family physician, an old man who had known him from a boy.

He had been three days confined to his bed, when one morning, amongst his other letters and newspapers, he saw one with a foreign post-mark, which he tore open with an eagerness very unlike his usual composure. As he read it, he turned very pale, but did not give any other token of agitation. After two or three perusals, he folded it up, and laid it in the drawer of his table.

His doctor came in just then, and was immediately struck with the strange and painful expression of his countenance, as well as his livid complexion.

"Are you worse, Lord Vivian?" he asked. "Are you in pain? or else I am afraid you have had some bad news?"

"I have had news of some consequence," Vivian answered; "and if I could, I should like to set off instantly for the Continent."

"But you know very well that that is out of the question."

"When do you think I can go?"

"Not before two months, with safety."

"But if I do not care about safety—if I care only about going soon?"

"Excuse me, my dear lord, but this is childish."

"Well, but when can I go without excessive rashness?"

"I should say not before forty days at least."

Vivian made no answer, and talked of other things; soon afterwards he fell ill with a violent fever, which complicated his case, and delayed his recovery for several weeks. It was late in the autumn when a paragraph in the *Morning Post* announced that Lord Vivian Lyle, having at last completely recovered from his illness, was about to leave England with the intention of spending the winter at Rome.

Whilst Evelyn's cousin was thus detained on a sick bed, she interpreted his silence in the manner that best suited her wishes. She had been uneasy as to the way in which he would answer her letter, but now she concluded he was too proud to express any regrets, too proud, perhaps, to feel any, and that on the whole this was the best thing that could have happened. The newspapers had, indeed, mentioned his accident, but not in a way which implied that it had been serious. It never occurred to her that he would suffer very deeply in consequence of her fickleness. Not that she was too humble to entertain such an idea, but he had always seemed so calm, so reserved, that it seemed more natural to attribute his silence to indifference than to any other cause. What Evelyn wanted then was to be disturbed by no perplexing thought. As Vivian did not write, she concluded that all difficulty on his side was at end, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of her future prospects.

Lady Cecilia was as unconscious as the rest of the world of the engagement which existed between Evelyn and Vivian, and had made no objection to her marriage with Guy, when, on his arrival in Paris, he had formally proposed for her. Not but that she had insisted at some length, in her private conversations with her niece, on the serious obstacle of Guy's being a Catholic; but as by the end of the conversation Evelyn seemed rather more determined than at the beginning to overlook this, she concluded that nothing would prevent her from following her inclinations, nor did she consider herself in duty bound to interfere unless she had been about to commit some folly for which the world would have called her, Lady Cecilia, to account.

Now, amongst the people in England who would exclaim

against Miss Devereux's marriage with a foreigner, there were many who, on hearing the Marquis de Villier's name, and the amount of his fortune, would modify their view of the subject to a degree quite sufficient to exonerate her from any departure from the course incumbent on prudent mothers and aunts.

In justice to Evelyn it is fair to say that though caring for wealth, and not indifferent to the pleasure of bearing a high-sounding name, it was not any considerations of this kind which had induced her to give up her cousin. She had never much dwelt on the fact that Lord Vivian Lyle was a second son with very little fortune, whilst the Marquis de Villiers possessed enormous wealth. It is not impossible that this idea, if it had struck her, would have prevented rather than promoted her acting as she had done. Lord Vivian felt it, and just on that account he was cut to the heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

Whilst Lady Cecilia and Evelyn were slowly travelling in the north of Italy, Guy had gone to wait for them at Rome, where they had agreed to meet. He arrived in October, a time when few foreigners have as yet congregated within its walls. He was struck at once by the repose, the solemnity—by what some people call the melancholy of Rome. The opposite ways in which this impression affects different persons, attracting some, and displeasing others, is an almost certain test of the nature of their souls. As to Guy, he was instantly fascinated with Rome, and Franz's arrival gave him, in addition, the delight of a companion who entirely sympathised in his feelings and enjoyments.

Together they visited every part of the great city, which Franz had long known and loved, but which seemed to him this time completely transfigured. He had, indeed, entirely enjoyed on other occasions the magic charm which history and art shed over Rome. The strange beauty of its outlines, the charm of its colouring, the peculiar loveliness of its lights, had refined his talent and excited his genius. If he had won fame, he owed it to Rome. But now a more enchanting spell, a higher beauty, a brighter radiance seemed to reign over each well-known scene, and to speak in new and thrilling accents. That still small voice which he had heard in his little room of the *Pré St. Clair*, seemed to rise at Rome more loud and more sweet, and to fill the vaulted roofs of its sanctuaries, the coerulean arch above his head, the ruins of the Forum, the mazes of the catacombs, the halls of the palaces, and the wilds of the Campagna.

The temples of art which had been once his sole worship were no longer enough for him. Not that he did not prize—more than ever perhaps—every beautiful thing which had ever delighted or refined his soul, but the voice which was ever sounding in his ears, "higher and yet higher"—that upward progress of the soul

described by a great poet of our day in lines of matchless beauty.* Franz ever felt its mysterious influence. He had seen in his dreams that mysterious banner which the Alpine traveller carries from peak to peak, and with him had murmured its strange device—"Excelsior."

Guy did not read the depths of his friend's heart, but he felt in his own, and intensely enjoyed, the sympathy between them which gave to their friendship its higher and more religious character. When they visited together places he had formerly admired with an artist's eye, the hidden fire of faith and love inspired Franz with an unconscious eloquence. His mind seemed flooded with light, and their conversations were full of that new life which throbbed within him. Guy had lost none of the sacred impressions of his childhood, and though he might often neglect the duties his religion prescribed, his faith was inexpressibly dear to him. If at any moment he had been called upon to suffer or to die for it, he would not have shrunk from the hero's fight or the martyr's death. But as it was, he had fought with his passions, he had resisted the temptations of the world, and turned to account in that way the intense energy which was one of his principal gifts. But his success had been more doubtful with regard to errors which proceeded from impetuosity of character and vivacity of imagination. Pierre Séverin had been so far right in saying that Guy was likely to be captivated in a sudden, unexpected manner. This had happened when he had met Evelyn, who was like him in this respect; and both were hurried on by their besetting failing further than either had foreseen. To excuse Guy's infatuation, it may be said that few men could have resisted the bewitching charm of Evelyn when she wished to please. It was easy to criticise, to blame, to hate her perhaps, but not to live without the sunshine which her presence produced. A colder nature than Guy's had experienced that fascination. In Lord Vivian's case the force of contrast had served perhaps to strengthen the spell.

Under the influence of passion and the charm of Evelyn's society, Guy had overlooked, as it were, the barrier between them, or at any rate satisfied himself with a vague hope that a time would come when that obstacle to their perfect union would disappear.

But now that with Franz he was spending at Rome days of such perfect enjoyment that not even the thoughts of those which were to follow made him wish them over, he began to view the subject in a different light. With his friend he was enjoying a sympathy which is not necessary, perhaps, to the evidence of a strong affection, but without which it can hardly be of a very deep or very elevating nature. He was impressed, for the first time with this conviction, and wondered that he had not till then considered this kind of sympathy as one of the principal elements

* Longfellow.

of domestic happiness. In the meantime, keeping these feelings to himself, and perhaps with the wish to drive the subject from his mind, he gave himself up entirely to the enjoyment of daily excursions with Franz, and listened with delighted interest to the original and beautiful thoughts which his newly-awakened faith suggested to that rich and powerful mind. Each walk they took together was spent in an interchange of ideas which improved their intimacy and enlarged their minds. Guy recovered in this way the high tone of moral feeling and intellectual superiority which had been gradually and unconsciously to himself diminishing since Anne had ceased to influence his heart and his life.

One day the two friends turned their steps towards that part of the gardens of the Palatine which overlooks the Forum. The most memorable historical monuments, the most famous ruins, are seen at one glance from that wonderful spot. They seated themselves on the fragment of a column covered with moss and creepers. Guy began to repeat, in a low voice, a stanza of *Childe Harold*, then in the full freshness of its popularity. Whether because of the intrinsic beauty of that once wildly extolled and now comparatively neglected poem, or only because it then happened to be the fashion, Guy, like almost all the young men of his time, knew a great deal of it by heart, and was fond of quoting the poet's lines in the spots they described. Finding his memory at fault in the midst of a stanza, he said that day to Franz, "I forget the next lines; how do they go on?"

Franz shook his head. "I have left off caring for that sort of poetry. They are such very different thoughts that come to me when I look at what is before us! Byron's musical and dreamy musings do not suit me now. I cannot expect you should understand me, and still less feel as I do."

"And yet," Guy answered, "I generally enter pretty well into your thoughts. But I own I do not quite see to-day why the sight of these grand ruins seems to agitate you so much."

"Don't you?" Franz said, in a low voice; and moving away from Guy's side he went and leant against a wall, at a little distance from where they had been sitting. There he stood with his delicate profile, his hair blown back from his high forehead, his pale cheeks unusually flushed, with the blue sky as a background, and a look in his face different from its habitual simple and calm expression. Sometimes, indeed, flashes of genius gleamed in his eyes and in his face, but now there was evidently a more earnest, powerful, strange light, a different sort of inspiration at work in his soul. He turned to the right, and, pointing to Titus's Arch, exclaimed, "I see only one monument triumphant and erect amidst all these ruins. Those stones speak in accents so eloquent and so terrible that I feel the blood running cold in my veins."

Guy had never seen his friend so excited. He gazed at him in astonishment, not able to guess the cause of this sudden emotion.

After a moment's silence, Franz said, "Guy, you are proud of your ancestral name and your ancient family. Have you ever thought of what I must feel about my own race?"

Guy seemed surprised. Such a question, at that moment, and from Franz, appeared to him strange.

"You think me out of my mind," Franz said, with a melancholy smile, "and certainly it would look like it if I was boasting of that fact; and yet we all bear in our features the unmistakable stamp of an ancient descent to which your's would be as nothing, if centuries reckoned for us as they do for you. No, it is not pride which suggests these thoughts to me; I am not so foolish as that. When I speak of the ancient, illustrious, and doomed race to which I belong, when I feel the blood of our chosen but blinded people burning in my veins"—Franz stopped a moment, overpowered by his feelings, and then added, almost in a whisper—"I long, I yearn to shed that blood for Him whose Precious Blood is crying vengeance against us—vengeance and mercy."

Guy did not venture or wish to interrupt his friend, or to make any reply. When Franz, on rare occasions, broke through his habitual silence and thought aloud, he delighted in listening to him.

"Since I have been a Christian," Franz said, "and you know that, although I was baptized in my infancy, I have only lately been one in reality, everything appears to me in a new light."

He looked about him, raised his head, and again pointing to the arch, exclaimed—"Jerusalem has perished; not one stone remains over another of the Holy City. But this arch, erected in honour of the conqueror of my people, yet stands. The riches of the Temple have vanished, and the remnants of its magnificence have gradually disappeared, after gracing the triumph of its victor. But the image of those treasures is still engraved on the monument raised in memory of the fall of the temple and the city—so awful, so deep a fall, that since the beginning of the world there has been none like it, nor ever will be again! Never will it be in the power of any people to be so guilty, never will any people incur the same curse. It would have seemed, indeed, as if the last defenders of Jerusalem ought to have been famous, on account at least of their sufferings and their courage, and yet we are told of the triumph of Titus. We look on the road which leads to the Capitol, and no one ever speaks of what happened that day as the procession stopped at yonder spot, near the Mamertine prisons. Why, amidst all the great memories connected with those scenes, is not that fact ever alluded to? It ought to be as thrilling, one would think, as the death of Jugurtha."

"I do not know what fact you refer to," Guy said.

"No, I knew you would not; and yet you read history. Well, on that day and in that spot, the conqueror, on his way to

the temple, had to sacrifice a victim. He paused opposite those prisons, and a captive—a man tall of stature and more richly attired than the rest—was withdrawn from his train and led into that dungeon, to be strangled with the cord he wore about his neck. The triumphant march was not resumed till the execution was over. This prisoner, of whom we hear so little, was Simon Bar-Gioras, one of the three last defenders of Jerusalem. Yes, those three men fought to the last for the city of David, but not like the heroic champions of a sacred and falling cause; rather like the evil spirits which cling tenaciously to a soul they will not surrender. And thus the greatest calamity that earth ever beheld had none to feel for it, and the names connected with that dire catastrophe have scarcely left a trace behind them. John of Giscala, Eleazar, Simon Bar-Gioras—they are now well nigh unknown. The names of two poor men—two Jews—who, four years before, had also awaited death in those prisons, are venerated by the whole world; while suffering, heroic valour, and a tragical death, have failed to obtain glory, or even to secure a place in the memory of men for the three defenders of the doomed city." Franz rested his head on his hands and murmured—"O my God, my God! let me also die unknown, but let it be for Thee! Let me end my life in a solitary martyrdom, and let that martyrdom be an expiation for my people, ardently desired and mercifully accepted!"

Guy did not hear these words, but when his friend raised his head and turned towards him, every cloud had passed away from his brow, and a holy light was beaming in his eyes. They shook hands without speaking, and silently finished their walk.

With thoughts and conversations such as these Guy's time was filled up. He did not find it wearisome, even during those days of expectation. An idea can therefore be formed of the state of his mind when at last, one day, a little beyond the Ponte Molle, he met the carriage which was bringing to Rome Evelyn and her aunt.

Early English Mariners.

II.

IN a former number we left Sir Humphrey Gilbert persistently carrying out his foreign ventures as a "Devonshire Worthy," and the next thing we hear of him is the charter granted him by Elizabeth to possess himself of "any distant and barbarous lands he could find." To carry this out, he enlisted a whole band of Devonshire men in the service: the two brothers Knollys, Miles Morgan, and his own step-brother Walter Raleigh, who was now as ripe for brave ventures—and, it must be added, for unscrupulous piracy—as any of his companions. Like Gilbert, he had served in Ireland, and even more than he, had dyed his hands in the blood of her unfortunate people. He had served under Lord Grey of Wilton in the famous capture of the Spanish fort at St. Mary Wick—called Smerwick—in Kerry, and when Lord Grey himself shed tears at his own barbarous order to butcher 600 Spanish soldiers who had trusted to English honour when they laid down their arms, Raleigh looked on at the hideous massacre with dry eyes. The expedition sailed in 1583, and began by erecting Newfoundland into a real English colony; but it did not prosper, for the evil-disposed among the colonists plundered the rest, and went off to other lands; and the rest, as they would not work or take up any useful way of life, demanded to be taken back to England. Sad and discouraged therefore, Gilbert set out with three ships to return home, but losing one, was left with the *Golden Hind* and the little *Squirrel*, of ten tons burthen. Over and over again he was besought to go on board the *Golden Hind*, and not to peril his life by remaining in the little boat, which was tossed up and down like a walnut-shell on the Atlantic waves. His noble reply was: "I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils." They spent one more week in weary battling with such an Atlantic storm as the oldest sailors on board had never seen; and every day of that week the crew of the *Golden Hind* watched with anxious eyes the little *Squirrel*, about the size of a Ryde wherry, straining over the mountainous rollers, or buried in their

troughs ; and day after day they saw Sir Humphrey Gilbert at the helm, and above the roar and hiss of the waves heard his cheery voice and undaunted words : " Courage, my friends ! we are as near to Heaven by sea as on land ! " These noble words, so often repeated, were still ringing over the waters, when the *Squirrel* was seen to part in twain, and the waves rolled over its cloven timbers and the brave men together. Gilbert was dead, but his words were like seed-corn, which sprang up in fresh resolution and perseverance in opening America to England. The very next undertaking consisted of two small ships sent out by Raleigh, whose crews landed in what is now North Carolina, and took possession in the Queen's name. The wondrous fertility of the soil, the forests of cypress, cedar, gum-trees, and the various kinds of fine corn and fruits, opened their eyes to the value of the settlement, and when they returned to Plymouth without a single danger, practical men immediately abandoned their visions of the north-west passage to Cathay, and resolved to shape their expeditions on Raleigh's track.

Their new settlement was called Virginia, and Sir Philip Sidney next fitted out some ships, in which Sir Richard Grenville and Thomas Cavendish started for what was then known as " the Spanish Main." And with Sir Richard, who has been exalted into a hero of a stamp very different from his real character, began that dark and terrible development of English adventure engendered by hatred of the Catholic Church and its chief European representative, Spain, which throws so dark a shadow over the bravest actions of that time. Instead of seeking new outlets for the industry and useful commerce of England, or putting in order and further improving the new state of Virginia, Grenville cruised here and there, doing all the wanton mischief he could to Spanish ships and property, inflicting useless barbarities on the innocent inhabitants, and cruelly ill-using the gentle Indian tribes whom Raleigh had tried to win. In fact, the whole voyage was one of outrageous piracy, and in defiance of every law of natural right or national justice. The only useful result to commerce was the discovery of the Uppowoc plant, or tobacco. Meanwhile, the poor Virginian colonists, whom Grenville left to shift for themselves, were destroyed partly by the Indians whom he had outraged, and partly by disease, and when the poor remains were discovered, in 1609, there existed only " four men, two boys, and one maid "—which maid was probably Virginia Dare, the grand-daughter of Captain White, who had gone out after Grenville's return. It was not till the Stuart sovereigns' reign that the solid establishment of the colonies

round Virginia took place. Meanwhile, John Davis made his three Arctic voyages, and laid down Davis' Straits on the chart. After his discoveries, the era of fable gave place to more exact geographical knowledge, and as the Pope's mandate in regard to the Portuguese occupancy of the East Indies was now as little respected as that securing the West Indies to Spain, the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope became general. The first Englishman who had yet rounded the Cape was Thomas Stevens, a Jesuit missionary, who sailed from Lisbon in a Portuguese galley, and has left a most graphic and quaint description of what he saw on the voyage. When becalmed near the equator, he wrote: "Sometimes the ship standeth there almost by the space of many days; sometimes she goeth, but in such order that it were almost as good to stand still." He was much diverted by the *Medusa*, or "Portuguese man-of-war"—the name which it still bears. "Along the coast we oftentimes saw a thing swimming upon the water like a cock's comb, but the colour much fairer; which comb standeth upon a thing like the swimmer (fin) of a fish in colour and bigness, and beareth underneath in the water strings, which save it from turning over." Near the Cape—"as good as 3,000 fowls of sundry kinds followed our ship, some of them so great that their wings, being opened, contained seven spans. A marvellous thing it is to see how God provided so that in so wide a sea these fowls are all fat, and nothing wanteth them." These were probably albatrosses. Of his first acquaintance with sharks: "There waited on our ships fishes as long as a man. They came to eat such things as from the ship fall into the sea, not refusing men. And if they find any meat tied in the sea, they take it for theirs. They have waiting on them six or seven small fishes . . . with guards blue and green round their bodies, like comely serving-men . . . two of them before, and some on every side." In 1583, four more Englishmen made their way to Goa, upon which Hakluyt exclaims: "Who ever heard of Englishmen at Goa before!" They were soon afterwards "heard of" throughout the vast peninsula, for in 1589 the first company of merchants obtained a license to trade in India, and although the first and many succeeding expeditions were marked by disasters and cruel sufferings, fresh adventurers, as usual, filled up the ranks of the fallen, and in 1603 the course was open to the East India Company.

It is necessary, however, to go back for a while, to see what was doing in the other hemisphere, where the "Worthies of Devon" were signalling themselves more than ever, and Ply-

mouth took up the race which Bristol had begun. In the reign of Henry VIII., old William Hawkins had been a well-known trader there; and his son, afterwards Sir John, had amassed a great fortune, and earned for himself the unenviable renown of introducing the slave-trade, staining his scutcheon by emblazoning "a demi-Moor, bound and captive, with amulets on his arms and in his ears." He made descents upon Guinea, carried away the luckless negroes, sold them at a great profit to the Spaniards in the West Indies, and returned to England with pepper, spices, and fine leather. In this detestable service Francis Drake volunteered, chiefly for the sake of injuring and chafing Philip of Spain. Francis Drake's father had been singularly distinguished by having displeased Henry VIII., and being obliged in consequence to leave his home and take refuge in a ship's hull on the coast of Devonshire, *by having become a Protestant*, which was against the then Six Articles. Hawkins and Drake made together a famous expedition to the West Indies, and after much shameless traffic of negroes "in truck of gold, pearls, and emeralds," Hawkins was attacked by the Spaniards at San Juan de Ulloa, and fought his way out of their fleet with desperate courage in the *Minion*, then sailing away without provisions, and being actually obliged to devour their cargo of hides, he and his crew, nearly maddened by famine, landed in the Bay of Mexico, where he resolved to leave half his men to save the other half. With that strange blending of ferocity and feeling which characterised the time, Hawkins embraced all the devoted half of the crew, and having "counselled them to serve God and to love one another, he courteously gave them a sorrowful farewell, promising if God sent him safe home, to do what he could to bring them to England." Then he sailed away, followed by their hollow and longing eyes, and, as if that poor deserted band were to satisfy in some degree for the filibustering cruelties which had been exercised upon Spain, they were soon discovered and made prisoners by some Spanish soldiers, chained together, and marched 180 miles to Mexico, where they were scattered as slaves among the Spanish colonists for six years. But in 1715 they were claimed by the Inquisition, and then some were burnt, some sent to the galleys, and a few lived out incredible sufferings and returned to England once more. Among them was Job Hartop, whose well-known tale spread deeper hatred to Philip than all open war could have effected. In fact, retaliation and religious enmity began to extinguish charity on all sides. "I suffered," says Hartop, "imprisonment in Mexico two years, in the Contratation House

in Seville, one year, in the Inquisition House in Triana, one year. I was in the galleys twelve years; in the 'Everlasting Prison Remediless,' with the coat with St. Andrew's Cross on my back, four years; and, at liberty, I served as a drudge Hernando de Loria three years—the full complement of twenty-three years." Hawkins himself returned to England with only a handful of diseased men, and writing to Sir William Cecil, he says, that if all their sufferings could be written, the book would be greater than the Bible. Drake next started on his wonderful retaliatory expedition to Nombre de Dios, on the Isthmus of Darien, where the exploits dared and done by him outvie any myth of fabulous times. Here, after a desperate fight with what seemed an overpowering force, punished by Nombre de Dios and Cartagena, Drake established himself behind a stockade, burnt one of his ships, and having thus made known to his men that they had to fight or die, he started on his marvellous journey by land through Golden Castile to Panamá, sacking, with only seventeen English sailors, the town of Venta Cruz, penetrating to Panama, and from the top of a mighty tree on the Isthmus, beheld the silvery expanse of the Pacific Ocean, just sixty years after Balboa had first beheld it from the same spot. Then returning to his stockade in the Gulf of Darien, Drake loaded his vessels with plunder, and reaching England without much difficulty, sailed into Plymouth Harbour one Sunday morning, when all the people were at Church, which they soon left to flock round their townsman, and welcome him, as it seemed, from the grave.

Drake's companion in the great tree on the Isthmus of Darien, was another Devon man, John Oxenham; and tradition reports that when Drake had exclaimed, that "If God gave him that happiness, he would one day sail on that Pacific Ocean," Oxenham had replied, "He would follow him with God's grace"—for these men inherited pious and religious feelings from Catholic times. Having afterwards waited two years in vain for Drake to start again, Oxenham sailed on his own account to the Isthmus of Darien; drew his vessel on shore and covered it with boughs, built a pinnacle on the banks of a stream flowing into the sea, floated it down, and so was the first Englishman that ever sailed on the Pacific. For a while, Oxenham—a cruel and evil-living man—subsisted by plundering Spanish craft; but being at last taken, he was carried to Panama, where, having no letters of marque to show, he was hung as a common pirate and sea-robber, —which, in truth, he was.

Thence came Drake's most famous voyage, in the *Golden Hind*,

which may be reckoned as the English Argonautic expedition. Five vessels started, in 1577; his own, the *Pelican*, being afterwards called the *Golden Hind*, in honour of Sir Christopher Hatton. Instead of steering to the Spanish main as before, Drake first touched at the Cape de Verde Islands and the African coast, where he found that Hawkins' slave-trading visits had made the very name of England hateful—and thence steered southwards to Patagonia, where he remained some time at Port St. Julian, and where one of the commanders, Thomas Doughty, having incurred much suspicion that he intended to get Drake out of the way and seize the vessels for himself, was tried by a sort of court-martial, and condemned to death. It was rather remarkable that the only previous time when Europeans had reached Port St. Julian, under Magellan, a mutineer had also been executed, and the gibbet was still standing when Drake was there fifteen years afterwards. His cooper, with the strange appetite of the vulgar for horrors which belongs to all ages, took some of the wood of this gibbet and made it into drinking cans and quaighs. Then came a series of storms which separated the ships, one of which, the poor little *Marigold*, of thirty tons, was blown away and never seen again; and the *Elizabeth* went home to England in 1579, and spread the news that Drake was wrecked and lost. But the *Golden Hind* was blown out to sea, and while driven southwards like a foam-flake, the crew felt sorry they had changed their ship's name, for it was now indeed like a pelican alone in the wilderness. Fifty-one days they sped along the waste of waters, and at last landed at Cape Horn, which till then had been known as *Terra Incognita*, but now as *Terra Nunc Bene Cognita*. Here Drake stood looking out towards the Southern Pole, as he had before looked over the Pacific Ocean, and declared he had seen "more southern land than any man alive." He must certainly have had nine lives to his own share, for after being reduced to the utmost straits by famine, and shot by the natives under the eye and in the head, he came up to Valparaiso, which he plundered, and on to Callao, the port of Lima, where he captured a Portuguese bark, and released the captain on condition of his piloting him through the difficult and dangerous passages into the harbour. This was done; and the seventeen Spanish ships lying there in full security were boarded and plundered by Drake before they had the least idea he was there. The goods being only silk, linen, &c., Drake was not satisfied, and finding on inquiry that great store of silver had been sent off to Panama in "the Glory

of the Southern Sea," the plate-ship *Cacafuego*, he cut the cables of the other ships to disable them, and started after the *Cacafuego*. Ten eager days he spent in chasing her, only to find himself late wherever he touched. This worked up both Drake and his crew to a determination to obtain the prize, and at last she was espied actually waiting for them. For the captain of the great plate-ship, seeing a little vessel straining after him, lay to, thinking it was a Spaniard, to offer it his protection. To his unspeakable amazement Drake's voice hailed him with an order to surrender, and he found the terror of Spain, the "Fiery Dragon," alongside. His numerous crew, greater guns, and every advantage availed him nothing; there was a complete panic in Drake's presence, and the "Glory of the Southern Sea" surrendered at discretion, and was rifled of her jewels and pearls, her ingots of gold and bars of silver, and chests of coin to the value of £90,000.

The *Golden Hind* was now so brimful of precious cargo that nothing more could be added, and as all the South American coast and Spanish Main were alive to his hated presence, Drake was forced into a new course, ending in perhaps the most extraordinary voyage that was ever dared in any age. After sailing for about 3,500 miles he came to the most northerly point of California, and thence nearly to Vancouver's Island, from whence the *Golden Hind* was blown by a steady south wind into the harbour of what is now San Francisco, where the Indian traders made friendly advances to Drake, and crowned him their king. He named this land New Albion, but little thought that he was standing at the very time upon more gold than all the plunder of Spain could yield. Thence passing through the straits of Magellan he visited the Pellew, Philippine, and Molucca Islands, stopped at Ternate, whence he brought home the first cloves Englishmen had ever traded in with the Moluccas, thus opening the eastern trade to England, and finally struck on a rock near Celebes, where all hands were nearly lost. They cast the heavy guns out of the vessel, and many packs of spices and sugar, making, as Fuller quaintly says, "a caudle of the sea"—and at last the tide carried them off. Thence, passing by Java, they crossed the Indian Ocean, rounded the Cape, which they called "a stately thing," stopped at Sierra Leone, and coming literally up from the uttermost ends of the earth, they sailed into Plymouth, as Hawkins had done before, and anchored in the harbour, on Sunday. There were no bounds to the general joy, for not only had his countrymen mourned for Drake as dead, and he was alive, but he had covered himself and England with bril-

liant renown. Elizabeth indeed pretended to be angry on account of Spain, and would not see him for a little while, but secretly she ordered £10,000 of what he had brought home to be given to him, while the rest of the booty was stored in the Tower, "till due award should be made." Then she went down to Deptford and was sumptuously entertained by Drake in the *Golden Hind*,* where she knighted him, and heaped upon him all possible honours and praise. The Court, of course—after the manner of Courts—echoed the Queen, and Drake became one of the wonders of the world. One sound reason for his lasting popularity lay in the fact that every courtier, merchant, and trader, that had made a venture in the expedition, now received £47 for every £1. Among the long-standing compliments to Drake were the lines on the sign-board of the Queen's Head Tavern :—

Oh! nature, to Old England still,
Continue such mistakes ;
Still give us for our Kings such Queens,
And for our Dux such Drakes.

The next great adventure was led by Thomas Cavendish, who was born a gentleman, and took to piracy and filibustering as a profession ; for it had now become the fashion to load the Spanish nation with slander and calumny, and to look upon plundering their vessels and destroying their property as an English institution or a national sport. Cavendish turned out one of the most bloodthirsty and unprincipled of all the buccaneers of that time. He spent what he had in fitting out a few vessels, sailed southwards through Magellan's Straits, and landed at Guatulco, where he wantonly burnt a very ancient church, much prized by the Spaniards, containing a large wooden cross of unknown age, popularly venerated as having been planted there by St. Andrew when he preached to the Aztecs of Mexico. In the spirit of brutal irreverence which hatred to the Catholic Faith engenders, Cavendish smeared this cross with pitch and heaped it round with reeds, that not a fragment of it should be left ; but, even according to the testimony of his own companions, the cross remained whole and entire, and emitted a bright supernatural light. Multitudes flocked from all parts to venerate it, and in their eager desire

* This famous "Argo" was kept at Deptford till it would keep no longer, and then broken up. The best part of the wood was made into a chair which was sent to Oxford.

to possess some fragment as a relic, it was dismembered, and would soon have wholly disappeared, had not the Bishop of Antigua taken the remainder carefully away to his own cathedral, where it was placed in a rich shrine. Cavendish, meanwhile, untouched either by the miracle or the reverence of the faithful, sailed completely round the world, committing a series of heartless and shocking outrages, and returned home just in time to learn the ruin of the Spanish Armada. Not satisfied with having escaped so many perils and secured for himself ample means, he set forth on a second expedition, which ended miserably; and he died of a broken heart on his way to England, leaving a most instructive example of the worthlessness of courage and natural gifts without any life of grace.

Meanwhile, Drake had carried out his two plans of a West Indian expedition to injure and annoy Philip of Spain, and a Spanish one, to "sing his beard in his own waters;" which was indeed one of the most daring and successful exploits of any time. Drake sailed into Cadiz Harbour, where he sank, burnt, and towed away several richly-laden ships, and destroyed stores of biscuit, wine, wheat, and bread to the amount of £150,000. One of the ships burnt was Philip's high admiral's favourite galley. Drake then sailed about, burning and sinking barks, caravels, and small craft, with sea stores, and 70,000 boat and barrel staves, all preparing for the invasion of England, and ended by capturing the *San Felipe*—the largest merchant ship in the world—with about £100,000 value on board. It is said that when Sixtus V. heard of Drake's exploits, he remarked that "the Queen of England's distaff was worth more than King Philip's sword." Philip's sword, however, was drawn at last; and, as all the world knows, the "Fortunate and Invincible Armada" was ready and started in 1588. It consisted of 132 galleons, galleasses, carracks, caravels, galleys and storeships, containing about 50,000 men. The English force was reckoned at 16,000 men, and though there was a crowd of 200 small vessels, the Queen's navy itself numbered only thirty-two ships. When the Armada had at last achieved its month's transit, and was seen off the Lizard, the admiral (Lord Charles Howard, of Effingham),* Drake, and Hawkins, were on the *Hoc*, at Plymouth, playing at bowls; and when the news was brought, Drake said, "Let us play out our match; there will be plenty of time to win the

* It was said of him that Elizabeth had a navy of oak, and an admiral of osier.

game and beat the Spaniard too." It must certainly have been worth looking at when "the Spaniard" came. Seven miles of vast, white-winged, floating castles, disposed crescent-wise, glided slowly, like gigantic swans, along the Channel, and all the world of England, France, and Flanders came out to see the sight. The admiral very early sent his crowd of fire-barks and pinnaces among them, which, answering the purpose of Monitors and gunboats, speedily reduced the Spanish ships to hopeless confusion, and, as he intended, they drifted into one another's way. Drake's marvellous luck attended him as usual, and he captured the flag-ship of the Andalusian squadron. The admiral, Don Pedro de Valdez, would not yield at first, but hearing that the "Fiery Dragon" was alongside, paid him all imaginable compliments in courtly Spanish, and surrendered immediately. Drake received the noble Spanish gentleman with equal respect. Meanwhile, a wonderful sight was seen in the Channel. As the Armada slowly drifted through, streams of volunteers of every rank, position, and means, poured down to the English coast, and manning every merchant vessel, coasting trader, and fishing boat that could be found, and armed with every variety of weapon that could be carried, hurried out to sea, covering the waters in every direction, to have a blow at "the Spaniard," thus adding to the effect of the most numerous fleet England had ever put to sea. But wonderful as was the array on that side, the Spanish armament far surpassed it in beauty and grandeur. Little marvel was it that "Flemings, Walloons, and Frenchmen came thick and threefold to behold it, admiring the exceeding grandeur and warlike order." All that moonlight Saturday night and sunshiny Sunday morning every eye was feasted with the show; but when that day was done it was to be seen no more, nor will such an one, most probably, while the world lasts. How the wind sprang up, and the storm swept the sea; how the fireships sent among the great galleons and galleasses struck such panic that many of them never stayed their flight till they were in the Scheldt; how the very magnificence of the Spanish vessels wrought their ruin, how the wind drove them helplessly as far as the Orkney Islands; how the Duke of Medina's incompetence and want of heart disabled his fleet even more than the storm; and how Howard, and Drake, and Hawkins, and those with them, fought like lions for their country and their Queen, are all known to the world as one of the most wonderful battle-stories that can ever enchant the ears of men. Nor is it strange, considering the greatness of the peril, and the com-

pleteness of the success, that exultation should have rung through all England at the Armada's overthrow.

It was followed up by a daring attack on Spain by Drake and Hawkins, and in 1591 a second vast Spanish fleet was encountered by Raleigh and Grenville, in which Grenville performed those last heroic, almost superhuman, acts of valour, which showed him to be worthy of better things. With his single ship, the *Revenge*, he fought a crowd of Spanish galleys for fifteen uninterrupted hours, till every grain of powder was spent, and all his pikes were broken, while forty dead men and ninety wounded lay on the decks. Even then Sir Richard refused to surrender to "the Spaniard," and vowed he would "yield to God alone." His noble enemy, Don Alonzo Bazan, filled with admiration at his brave deeds, obtained possession of him when wounded to death, carried him to his own ship, and treated him with every kind of tenderness and honour. At his last moment, surrounded by the noble Spanish gentlemen, who relieved each other in performing every Christian act to one who had worked them every wanton harm, Sir Richard Grenville addressed to them his dying words, probably not the worst, though full of pride—he had ever uttered. "Here die I, Sir Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do who has fought for his country and his Queen, for honour and religion. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, leaving behind it an everlasting fame as a true soldier who has done his duty." Sir Richard Hawkins was afterwards taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and imprisoned for twenty-eight years; and his brave old father, Sir John, at seventy years of age, sailed with Sir Francis Drake, to seek him out, and try to set him free. He never returned to England again, but, in 1595, died off St. Juan de Porta Rica, being much broken by his son's loss; and Drake survived him only eleven weeks. Within sight of Nombre de Dios, where the first act of the splendid drama of his life had opened, the remains of the "Fiery Dragon" were soldered up in a leaden coffin, and solemnly given to the waves. Raleigh and Howard remained the last of the great Elizabethan admirals. These two led the next expedition to Spain, when Cadiz Harbour was again attacked and stormed, and King Philip himself was obliged to confess that "the world had never seen worthier proof of good soldiership, and of chivalrous humanity among victors." And as this was nearly

the last, so it was one of the best and most merciful enterprises of the time when England first became mistress of the sea.

It would be an interesting and wholesome study to bring to light some of the Spanish records of Elizabeth's reign; for even the most incidental history throws into relief the lofty characteristics and unusually noble traits of the seafarers of a nation then stigmatised by Englishmen as the embodiment of diabolic cruelty, avarice, and pride. Rodriguez somewhere says that the faults of which we accuse others ordinarily fall to our own lot; and the commonest justice constrains us to admit that these sins were at least shared by England's mariners of that age. And now, when other nations, or our own great offshoots, dispute with us our long vaunted ocean rule, and the formerly rude and unknown "Muscovy" stretches forth its giant hands towards our Eastern Empire, it would be well for us if we could recal somewhat of the childlike spirit of our early, God-fearing, heroes of Catholic times, and learn of them that true valour of which faith and charity are the only lasting roots.

The Doctrine of the Atonement.

THE mystery of the Incarnation may be justly called the great sacrament of our most holy faith. It is the central point of revelation. All other doctrines, unless we except that of the Ever Blessed Trinity, cluster round it, and even with this doctrine it is closely interwoven. Mary is, so to speak, its guardian Angel. It is the one inhabiting idea, the substance of Catholic worship and ritual. It is the foundation of the Church, and the divine ground-work for the redemption of man. It is one principal theme of angelic anthems, and has been the chosen contemplation of Saints in every age. It cannot, therefore, be matter for surprise if the mind of the Church has ever occupied itself in an especial manner with now one, now another phase of this great economy (as the Fathers were wont to call it). And in our day it has a special attraction; for, as it has been so long defined in its broad outlines by the decisions of early Councils, the contemplation of it is quiet, peaceful, and free from hard controversy, reminding us of the secluded enclosure of some one of our old cathedrals, where the din of life is heard, like a sweet murmur, only in the distance.

This calm spirit of devotion is at times alluringly conspicuous in Mr. Oxenham's work on the Atonement. He has, with praiseworthy care, abstained from anything, with one solitary exception, that could bear the semblance of controversial acrimony. And it is most refreshing, after being obliged to accustom ourselves as best we may to the weary though necessary conflict of theological opinions, to be able to expatiate for awhile amid fields of thought, where flowers of Christian love and piety meet us at every turn, carefully weeded from all personal and narrow-minded acerbities. The author seems, if we may judge from his treatise, to have a special devotion for the doctrine of the Atonement, and there are passages* in that treatise, neither few nor far between, in which he rises to an elevation of religious sentiment, which would be simply impossible for one who was not practically in love with his theme. This rare gift, moreover, has, in the present instance, a peculiar value, since it serves to conciliate the good-will of those of his readers (and he seems to have had them principally in his eye), who, owing to the great misfortune of a schismatical education, have been misinstructed on the doctrine in question, and thus to prepare them for a due reception of the truth.

* We would especially call attention to the paragraphs at pages 134, 260, 290—302, 306 (Second Edition. Allen).

Thus much we are rejoiced at being able to accord to Mr. Oxenham's labours. If, however, we must regard his book as a theological treatise, properly so called, we can no longer in justice speak of it in the same terms of praise. Its intermittent paragraphs of meditation constitute its only real value; and, Mr. Oxenham will pardon us for saying it, we cannot help suspecting—from the revelation of his intellectual make, which he has unconsciously offered us in the course of his writings—that, if he could be induced to submit himself to the training of that scholastic theology of which he speaks so unworthily, he would have been able, by the aid of those other undeniable qualifications which he possesses, to offer to theological science such valuable contributions as would appear to be now altogether out of his reach.

A slight survey of his subject-matter will enable our readers the better to appreciate the bearings of our after-criticism. We at once, then, call attention to the fact that the doctrine of the Atonement is multiform, if considered in its varied relations to God, to the Incarnate Word, and to the human race.

As regards the first category, the eye of faith regards this mystery now in connection with one divine attribute, now in connection with another; and thus its celestial light is resolved, so to speak, into its various prismatic colours. And such resolution is necessary, in order to enable our feeble reason to form any idea of the complete mystery. Yet all these diverse colours conspire to complete the unity of its glory, and are, consequently, in no wise opposed to each other. The love and merciful compassion of God is its motive cause. The offended justice and sanctity of God is its partial object. The wisdom of God contrived it. The immutability of God is its guarantee. The omnipotence of God is its possibility.

So again in its relation to the Incarnate Word: it involves the idea of sacrifice—for the Father's justice requires it, and the Father's mercy accepts it: of love—for not only is the love of the Father the love of the Incarnate Son, but the obedience of Jesus even unto death flowed from the love of His human Heart. So then, two streams of love, each perfect in its order—human and divine—meet at the foot of Mount Calvary. Again, His Atonement constitutes Him, in His distinct and various relations to us, now Mediator, now Victim, Satisfaction, Scapegoat, High Priest, Victor, Example, Good Samaritan, Fountain of Graces.

If we consider man in his relation to this mystery, he is now a child of wrath, who needs to be reconciled to his Father; a slave of the devil, to be rescued from his thralldom; an heir deprived of his inheritance and claiming restitution; a soldier disabled in the conflict awaiting strength; now one of the elect, in his ignorance needing an example, in his inconstancy requiring special help.

But Mr. Oxenham seems to imagine that between some, at

least, of these phases of the Atonement there exists a real opposition of ideas, so that the adoption of one amounts to the virtual exclusion of another; as, for instance, that to attribute the Incarnation, and its culminating mystery of suffering on the Cross, to God's love for us must needs involve, in the case of the maintainers of such truth, the rejection of that other truth, equally undeniable, that Christ suffered to satisfy the offended justice, and to appease the wrath, of His Father. But there is no possible contradiction between the two propositions; nor does it follow, because a particular Father refers to the one as best suiting the object which he had in view at the time, that he does not equally hold the other. This vital error, if Mr. Oxenham will allow us so to call it, has led him to imagine that there has been a marked development in this particular doctrine; whereas it would seem as though no doctrine in the Apostolic deposit has been more explicitly held and taught from the beginning. Almost the sole development to which it has been submitted has been one of technical phraseology, or, at the most, scientific ordering. Mr. Oxenham would fain prove his point; but his proof is an entire failure. He gives, for instance, as an illustration two "special theories" of SS. Irenæus and Origen, the latter of which, he tells us, found "its last express utterance in Peter Lombard" (p. 126). But if this supposed theory be examined with attention, it will be found (setting aside the poetical form in which the Adamantine has clothed his statements), that he is only giving us the true doctrine of the Atonement in its relation to original sin, and that this so-called "theory" has no more died out with Peter Lombard than the doctrine of the Incarnation itself, of which it forms a part. In truth, this firm adhesion to a preconceived view has led our author into the apparent anomaly of treating devotional or rhetorical passages of the Fathers, contrary to all the ordinary rules of exegesis, as though they were a *corpus articuli* out of the Summa of St. Thomas, and of weighing portions of Patristic letters or homilies, written before the science of theology was thought of, by the strict and logical balance of the schools. Thus, e.g., he constructs an argument in favour of his supposition that in the early Fathers there is no trace of the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction to be found, from the fact that St. Cyprian and Tertullian, his predecessor, use the word *satisfaction*, of the penitent, not of Christ (p. 111). Yet the particular use of this word, especially if we have regard (as we ought to do) to the subject-matter about which these Fathers are treating, in no way proves that they did not hold the doctrine itself; a doctrine, moreover, which is so clearly and explicitly revealed in the Sacred Scriptures. Indeed, the very expressions which Mr. Oxenham quotes from St. Cyprian—"subduing death through the triumph of the Cross, redeeming the believer by the price of His Blood, reconciling men to God the Father"—evidently more than imply the idea of vicarious satisfaction.

This same strong adherence to his own preconceived views leads Mr. Oxenham into statements bolder far, and more venturesome, than would be likely to proceed from the pen of a practised theologian. Thus, in p. 23, he says, "All impartial judges, on either side, are now agreed that Petavius is right as to the heterodox language, *implying often heterodox notions about the Holy Trinity*, which many ante-Nicene writers use." For ourselves, if we were asked, though we should be somewhat diffident of universalising after the manner of the author, we should be inclined to give an exactly reverse decision. We must include in the same category the following startling proposition: "*The growth, or even universal prevalence, of an opinion in the Church is no necessary evidence of its truth.*" We ask ourselves in simple amazement, what, if such could indeed be the case, would become of the *sensus Ecclesie*? How could it be true that, during that period in which the erroneous opinion universally prevailed, the Church was infallible? How could our Lord's promise, in that singular epoch of ecclesiastical history, not be made void, in which He declares that the powers of evil and falsehood should never prevail against His Church?

But we must now proceed to notice some statements of Mr. Oxenham which are more serious in their theological inaccuracy. The first occurs in p. 145, where he says: "But they" (the post-Nicene Fathers) "*never imagined that the Incarnation or the Cross effected a change in the mind of God towards us, or implied a division of will between the Father and the Son.*" The Sacrifice of Calvary, however explained, they looked upon as part of an eternal purpose, *not a desire to avert the wrath of the Father*, but the utterance of His unfailing love." It is of course true that the Fathers would never imply a division of will between the Father and the Son. No Catholic writer of any age would dream of uttering so manifest a blasphemy. But there is a real distinction between the divine and human wills of the Redeemer, which is no matter of controversy, seeing that it is an article of faith. Both the Father and the Son would equally hate sin, and feel compassion for the sinner. But this does not hinder us from asserting another fact, that the human will of Jesus Christ did freely choose, by an obedience even unto death, to appease the wrath of the Eternal Father, and to reconcile Him to His fallen and sinful children. This is undeniable; and involves no contradiction save in the system of the Monothelites.

Nor do such phrases as we have just used imply (as Mr. Oxenham seems to imagine) any real change in the mind of God towards us, such as is incompatible with His perfect immutability. We say that the sun rises and sets, is now in the east now in the west; yet it remains immoveable. The change of relation arises from the movement of the planet. Yet a real change of relation there is notwithstanding. We must speak after the manner of men; and the inspired Scriptures are our authority for so doing.

They speak, e.g., of God's repenting Him, of His being moved to anger, of His being appeased at the intercession of Moses, and the like. Yet they also say with equal truth, that the Lord "is not a man that He should repent" (1 Kings xv. 29). That the mind or will of God is in such sort changed towards us, that its manifestations *ad extra* differ according to the difference of our spiritual or moral condition in His sight, Mr. Oxenham may not surely deny. For certainly he will not think of affirming that God loves the devils in hell as once He loved them, when they were all-beautiful and glorious on the first morning of their creation! Moreover, such an expression as "*a device to avert the wrath of the Father*" is, to say the least, hazardous, in presence of repeated phrases of Holy Scripture, and of the dogmatic statements of the Council of Trent. It is written in the New Testament: "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, shall we be saved by His life" (Rom. v. 10). And again: "For God indeed was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing to them their sins" (2 Cor. v. 19). And again: "Through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself, making peace through the Blood of His Cross" (1 Coloss. i. 20). The Council of Trent, in its fifth session, treats of original sin. It says in its first canon that by original sin, "Adam lost for himself (and us) that sanctification and justice in which he was constituted, and incurred by the offence of such prevarication the wrath and indignation of God" (*incurrensque per offensam prævaricationis hujusmodi iram et indignationem Dei*), which was of course appeased by the great Atonement. In the third canon of the same session it is said that Jesus Christ "reconciled us to God in His Blood" (*nos Deo reconciliavit in sanguine suo*)—words evidently borrowed from St. Paul. In the sixth session, ch. 1, the Council declares, with St. Paul again, that we were by nature "children of wrath"—i.e., as is plain of the wrath of God. And in ch. v. it adds that sinners dispose themselves for justification, among other things, by "trusting that God will be propitious to them for Christ's sake" (*fidentes Deum sibi propter Christum propitium fore*). Now all these expressions manifestly imply, if they do not formally express, something very like Mr. Oxenham's "device to avert the wrath of the Father." It is allowed us to hope that the author considered this phrase to be the embodiment of that distortion of Christian dogma which is to be found in the Confessions of many of the Protestant sects, and which he has often and happily contrasted with Catholic doctrine. But nevertheless, the reasons suggested in the passage which we have quoted militate as much against the Catholic doctrine as against its Protestant caricature.

In the same way Mr. Oxenham, in the course of his inquiry, or historical survey, or animadversions (we really have a difficulty in giving a precise nomenclature to his work), repeatedly signals out the doctrine of "vicarious satisfaction" for condemnation, as being

unheard of in Patristic teaching. It is plain that he must understand this phrase as synonymous with the Lutheran figment of simple imputation. Indeed, once he pointedly explains himself in that sense. Yet in so doing we do not think that he is either wise or prudent. It would surely have been far better not to identify a phrase, which is in itself Catholic, and has not been specially appropriated to Protestant symbolism, with what is erroneous and condemned; lest, while plucking up the tares, we pluck up the wheat also. If Christ our Lord made by His sufferings and death a satisfaction to His Father, which no other of angels or of men, could have made, there can be no doubt but that it is quite legitimate to call such satisfaction vicarious. And this appellative exactly expresses the Catholic idea which it is intended to convey.

But really after all (if Mr. Oxenham will forgive us for saying so), there is something more than this conveyed in the passages to which we refer.* He is not impugning the Lutheran teaching only. He has an ill-concealed dislike to the idea of satisfaction at all in the mystery of our redemption. And this has led him to exaggerate, as we think, the difference between the Patristic theology and the teaching of "the Reformers" in the following passage: "*By the Reformers,*" he remarks, "*the Incarnation and earthly life of Christ is regarded only, or chiefly, as the necessary introduction to His atoning death; while the Fathers see in His death, not an isolated act, or even an isolated sacrifice, but the natural consummation of that one great act of self-devotion, whose unbroken energy stretched from the Conception to the Cross*" (p. 148). It is true that Protestants generally have a way of so isolating the great Sacrifice on Mount Calvary from the three and thirty years of our Lord's life, as almost to separate them practically into two distinct biographies. They are in the habit besides of neglecting the latter, so as to destroy the analogy of faith. Yet we should ourselves have shrunk from speaking in set phrase of the passion and death of the Redeemer as "*the natural consummation of that great act of self-devotion, whose unbroken energy stretches from the Conception to the Cross.*" It sounds well enough as a rhetorical ornament in the peroration of a sermon, but it hardly satisfies the rigour of theological expression. Hear, by way of contrast, the measured statement of Vasquez on the same subject. "It is for this reason," says the Jesuit Doctor, "that our redemption is attributed to the passion of Christ, and that in it all other merits have been completed—*i.e.*, have attained their effect, because neither was the divine promise made, nor our redemption predestined by God in consideration of any action whatever, even if it had been most sufficient of itself, unless it should be completed by death. And accordingly we find that the particular promise of our redemption has been made, in consideration of the death of Christ, in Isaias, according to these words: 'If He shall

* See pp. 112, 137, 175, 215.

lay down His life for sin, He shall see a long-lived seed' (liii. 10). And it is also in the same way said, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'And therefore He is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of His death, for the redemption of those transgressions which were under the former Testament, they that are called may receive the promise of eternal inheritance. For where there is a testament, the death of the testator must necessarily come in. For a testament is of force, after men are dead; otherwise it is as yet of no strength, while the testator liveth' (ix. 15). Add to this the words in the Epistle to the Philippians: 'He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him,' &c. (ii. 8, 9); and the words in St. Luke: 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?' (xxiv. 26). And in like manner must we understand St. Thomas in *Quodlibet*, ii. a. 2, when he says that any action of Christ whatsoever was of itself a sufficient price for our redemption (he means as regards merit and worthiness), but that it had not been deputed to this apart from the death of Christ Himself.* If we must protest, as indeed we are bound to do, against the Protestant depreciation, in its practical teaching, of the Incarnation, it behoves us to beware of falling into an opposite extreme, no less dangerous and erroneous, of depreciating the special dignity and separate value of the one great Sacrifice on the Cross.

We now proceed to another statement of Mr. Oxenham's, which calls for special animadversions. In a note to the Introduction (p. 65) he says, "It is further a pious and universal belief (*though not a matter of faith*) dating at latest from the time of St. Augustine, that she (our Lady) was preserved through life by a special grace from all defilement of actual sin." This doctrine then, according to our author, is not a matter of faith, and must be relegated to the category of pious opinions. But, not to adduce the authority of St. Thomas,† who declares the doctrine to be indubitable, or of De Valentia,‡ who justly, as we shall see, affirms it to be the doctrine of the Church, the Council of Trent expressly declares it to be such. It thus speaks: "If any one shall affirm that a man once justified can sin no more, nor lose grace, and that therefore he who falls and sins was never truly justified; or, on the other hand, that he can through his whole life avoid all even venial sin, unless it be by a special privilege of God, as the Church holds to be the case with regard to the Blessed Virgin (*quemadmodum de beata Virgine tenet Ecclesia*) let him be anathema."§

It would take us too long to enter upon so abstruse a subject as that of original sin. But we should not be fulfilling our duty as reviewers, were we not to call attention to the sundry inaccuracies and mistakes admitted by Mr. Oxenham in his exposition of this

* In 3m disp. lxxv., c. iv., n. 20.

† In 3m disp. 3, q. i., punct. 3.

‡ 3d. xxvii., 4, inc.

§ Sess. vi., can. 23.

doctrine. His explanation of the scholastic terms connected with it, which is given in a note (p. 207), is incomplete and mistaken. But in his declaration of the Catholic doctrine, or, to use his own phrase, of the teaching of Catholic theology, he has committed less venial blunders. He evidently gives us to understand that the gift by which the inferior faculties and the will were in the beginning subjected to reason (and which alone is in strict theological phrase the gift of original justice), was possibly prior to, and certainly independent of, the other great gift of sanctifying grace. Now this is most assuredly not the received teaching of the Church, or of her greatest theologians. The former gift was rather a sequel of the latter. Again, to affirm, as our author does, that, according to Catholic theology, original sin has marred man's *natural* faculties for good, without any distinction or comment, will never approve itself to the judgment of any one who has gone through his course of theology. We are quite aware of the supposed Patristic phrase, whose birth is involved in such uncertainty—*vulneratus in naturalibus*. But we are also aware of the momentous discussions in the schools as to the meaning of that phrase. And it is scarcely possible that Mr. Oxenham should be ignorant of the teaching of Suarez and of other theologians, neither few in number nor insignificant in the weight of their authority, who maintain that man, in all respects save one, is created now as he would have been in a state of pure nature; and that his natural faculties, in the *philosophical* meaning of that term, are wholly unimpaired. There are, it is true, other theologians who maintain a somewhat different opinion. However, to say the least, it is an open question; and we may therefore affirm without hesitation that Catholic theology teaches either both or neither, according to the notion which we attach to the subject of the proposition. One thing we cannot say without betraying a lamentable ignorance on the matter, that it teaches either one or the other exclusively.

With a similar boldness, Mr. Oxenham allows himself to publish his peremptory verdict on the subject of the Scotist theory of the Incarnation. These are his words: "Though by no means universally accepted (*it*) has obtained the general suffrage of the *later Church*." To us such an assertion seems to be hazardous—it might almost be said, unreasonable. What does the author mean exactly by the "*later Church*?" What are the two dates which in his opinion constitutes its limits? What would in his estimation constitute "*a general suffrage*?" Is it possible that he has devoted himself to the inquiry, and collected with great care and accuracy the necessary facts concerning the judgment of our Catholic schools on this point at home and abroad—in Italy, Spain, Belgium, Holland, France, America, Germany, England, Ireland, &c.—so as to enable him to justify a proposition which must otherwise be condemned as being a random and gratuitous assertion? We had ourselves no idea till now that the Thomists

had thus suddenly collapsed; and we cannot help suspecting that our author's horizon was not a little limited, as he looked out from his study window upon this "later Church."

There is another subject in the book we are reviewing, the treatment of which by its author gives evidence to a somewhat hazy and anomalous system of philosophy. We refer to his note, subjoined to the first chapter, "on the condition of our Lord's human body." That a body in this present life "can be incorruptible without being impassible" can hardly be proved from the future condition of the bodies of the damned who are *in termino*.* Nor can we discover anything in the Tridentine catechism, referred to by Mr. Oxenham, which in any way justifies his assertion.

But we hasten to pass on to the last point in the work before us, which seems to call for special animadversion. Scholastic theology is evidently Mr. Oxenham's *bête noir*. He speaks of it as "*a world of abstractions, where the forms of language or of logic have taken the place of substantive ideas.*" The Schoolmen are calmly said to stand to the Fathers in the same relation as the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria to Plato, and as Aristotle's Latin copyists to the great Stagyrte. We must parenthetically remark that the comparison is singularly unhappy, even assuming the truth of the writer's estimate. For in the examples adduced there was an exact coincidence in the *form* of teaching, whatever difference there may have been in their respective doctrines; whereas, whatever distinction there is between the Fathers and the Schoolmen follows specially an inverse order. But, to resume: the theology of the schools is incidentally described as a mass of "*subtle distinctions, and ingenious outreasoning of artificial objections by equally artificial replies.*" We are, moreover, told that "*through the whole scholastic period there were no great doctrinal controversies,*" with an apparent oblivion of the questions of the Immaculate Conception and of grace. The great theologians of the schools are confidently described as "having little critical knowledge of the past experience of the Church, or anticipation of what future was in store for her," though we are not told what "a critical knowledge of the Church's experience" is, or what is the special reason why it should be precisely critical. A critical knowledge of an experience seems to us to be altogether unexperienced. But once more, the gigantic labours of these great doctors are said to be "a large expenditure of intellectual energy on a narrow field;" and furthermore, it is added that, "from the onesidedness of the analytical method of the schools, it followed that many trifling or incongruous questions would be mooted, there would be much mere playing with edged tools, and many an elaborate edifice would be reared on the sand, which the advancing tide of sounder knowledge must inevitably sweep away" (pp. 162—164). We trust we shall not be offending Mr. Oxenham if we say that

* D. Thom. in supplem. lxxxvi., vel. lxxxviii., a 2, præsertim ad 2.

this random talk reminds us somewhat too vividly of the school-boy's essay in one of Dr. Newman's works on education. Why, we would ask, is the teaching of the schools peculiarly analytical? Why should the analytical method have that lamentable tendency towards mooting incongruous questions, or mere playing with edged tools? And why, above all, should it be subject to the mania of building houses on the sand, from which, we must presume, the synthetical method is fortunately free?

These are strong words, even if they should have proceeded from one who was intimately and deeply versed in these unequalled monuments of the past. The reviewer has formed a close acquaintance with them for nearly fourteen years, and has learned to value them more highly with each successive year. He had not escaped at first from the influence of the old Protestant prejudice about the Schoolmen dealing with trifling questions, and indulging in unnecessary subtleties. But, on forming a real acquaintance with them, his only feeling was one of impatience at having been so unreasonably duped. No article did he find there, no question discussed, which, however small it might appear to be in itself, did not throw some new light on the main question. He discovered, moreover, that inside those folios of theirs he who had the desire could meet with solutions of most, if not all, the difficulties which modern criticism has conjured up against the faith, under the fanciful conceit that they are quite new. And this is done with a terseness necessarily pertaining to a theology, which is so strictly logical. As Father Faure says, in his edition of St. Augustine's *Enchiridion*, St. Thomas will solve a difficulty in three lines which it takes the great doctor of grace whole pages to discuss. And this is affirmed without any the least disparagement to the illustrious Bishop of Hippo, since, in his time, the *science* of theology, philosophically speaking, was not even born; for the Church, and the Church's champions, had other things to do.

But, independently of an intrinsic argument like that which we have been pursuing, and which is necessarily more or less subjective, we owe to no little surprise that Mr. Oxenham, of whose loyalty and obedience to the Church we have no reason to doubt, should have written so disparagingly of a system of theological teaching which has received the express approbation of so many Pontiffs, including, in particular, the present Pope—whose terminology and scientific method have formed the basis of the dogmatic canons, decisions, and declaratory chapters of the Ecumenical Councils from the mediæval times upwards, and whose scientific order and process of thought has been for centuries, and is to this day, the foundation of theological education in our Catholic schools. A well-nurtured and well-disposed child listens to the mere whisper of its mother's voice, and is content. As loyal sons of the Church the child must be our model. Here, if anywhere, our Blessed Lord's words are verified—"Unless you

become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven" (St. Matt. xviii. 3). Open opposition is the way of schismatics and heretics. Half-hearted allegiance is the way of cowards and concealed traitors. In neither of these categories should we think for one moment of classing so devotional a writer as Mr. Oxenham; but surely there is danger—and therefore room for friendly warning—when unconsciously we learn, under the perilous guidance of a doubtful school of thought, to scorn or depreciate the elect Doctors of the Church.

Moreover, in this road, as we believe so dangerous, there are many sign-posts to warn us off the ground. We find, in the history of the Church, that from the time when first the theology, so cavalierly treated by our author, began its course, there has been a constant succession of writers—popular, of course, in their generation—who have professed themselves its sworn and implacable enemies. And what has been their fate as an ordinary rule? Scotus Erigena set himself up, as if by anticipation, against the schools, and had a following in after centuries. He was known to be a most determined foe to that Peripatetic philosophy which the schoolmen afterwards adopted as their own. He was condemned as a heretic by Honorius III. Abelard, whom Mr. Oxenham unaccountably includes in his curious catalogue of scholastics, was a devoted disciple of Platonism, became somewhat more than eccentric in his teaching, and was in like manner condemned. Then there was David de Dinanto, in the thirteenth century, mentioned by Albert the Great* and St. Thomas† in mingled terms of contempt and severe reprobation. Again, we have Almaricus, who formed a sect of his own, and was condemned by the Fourth Council of Lateran. Yet once more, in the sixteenth century, appears Jordan Bruno, another professed adversary of the Aristotelian and Scholastic system. He was first of all a Dominican, and certainly never learnt his errors in that justly illustrious Order. Then he apostatised from the faith, became a Calvinist, and was finally burnt at the stake as a heretic in Paris. Finally, who is there that does not know the avowed hatred with which Luther assailed the system of the schools, in terms of vituperative vehemence only inferior to those which he reserved for the Vicar of Christ? In this onslaught he was seconded by the rest of the more prominent Reformers. Nor are there wanting in our own day similar examples quite as instructive, quite as suggestive of warning. It must be confessed that such as these are not promising pioneers of a new theology.

For ourselves, we are free to own that the divine science gradually elaborated in the schools seems to us to be one of the most wondrous and supernatural creations of the Church. The great thinker of antiquity had, with an intuition scarcely natural, seized upon and systematised the whole realm of natural

* Summa., p. I., tr. iv., q. 20.

† I. iii. 8. 2 Sentt. d. xvii., q. I., a. I. et contr. Gent. i. 17.

truth. Ascending through ethical and psychological up to purely metaphysical principles, he pierced the most recondite of spiritual phenomena and laws, reaching nearest of all heathen philosophers to the knowledge of God in the natural order, and only stopping short, half-puzzled and opprest, before that portal of Heaven shrouded in mist and cloud, because the sunshine of revelation had not as yet dispersed the darkness. In the fulness of times the Incarnate Word scattered the shadows, and opened the gate. Straightway a radiant world of new truths, for which Aristotle, with all his mighty intellect, had sought in vain, was made manifest to the faith of the simplest. Thereupon, the Fathers of the Church, Greek and Latin, began successively to co-ordinate and develop them, as best they could, first in their own pious contemplation, and afterwards in homily, letter, and treatise. But it was no time then for the creation of a Christian philosophy. Like to the chosen people after their great captivity, they had to build up the city of Zion with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other. But they did their best, and priceless are the relics which they have bequeathed to the Church. A time at length came of comparative peace. The principal dogmas of the faith had been triumphantly rescued from the unholy assault of heretics, and rested on the security of an infallible authority. Then did the Church begin her work of order. Her Doctors—taking the philosophy of Aristotle as their scaffolding, and appropriating to the Church's service the great body of natural truths which that philosopher had left in scientific shape as his legacy to after ages, and of which the Christian Revelation was at once the supernatural supplement and perfection—formed out of these materials, divine and human, a science of theology, which should be queen and ruler among the other sciences, and should occupy that throne of supremacy which Aristotle, without dreaming of the realisation of his aspirations, had already by anticipation prepared for her. It is worse than idle to talk of a new system of theology to be evolved in the ages yet to come. You have already two elements of that divine science for once and all—to wit, revelation and reason. You never will have an addition to the one; you cannot change the *first principles and laws* of the other, as we have received them from the Stagyrite, for they are immutable. Enrich this noble creation of the Divine Spirit of Wisdom as much as you please with the new discoveries of critical philology and of physical science. They will fall into their place in due time, and will never make a breach in its walls. But do not attempt to disturb the system of the Church's teaching, which has been going on for many hundred years, by the attempted introduction of new methods, which have as yet proved to be empty and impotent of good, suspicious in their origin, of bad omen in their champions, and too often disastrous in their history.

We have one word more to say to Mr. Oxenham before concluding our remarks. We trust that he will take in good part the

criticisms which we have ventured to make upon his work. We would earnestly commend what we have said to his attention, with the hope that if there be anything which is true and useful, it may be of service to him in his future labours for the Church. While we have been compelled, from a strict sense of duty, to find fault with much that he has written, we own to a fixed conviction that all which is religious, and devotional, and tender, and true is Mr. Oxenham's; while that which is untheological, and vague, and declamatory, and self-confident, should be set down to that undesirable school of opinion, towards which his eyes are set with such unprofitable anticipations.

W.

From Horace.

(Od. ii. 14.)

AH, Postumus! ah, Postumus! our years are fleet and flying!
 Soon, spite of godliness, thou must be wrinkled, old, and dying;
 Though hecatombs thou should'st each day
 In honour of grim Pluto slaughter,
 Who holds the giants even 'neath his sway,
 Beyond the mournful water;

That water which we all must cross, that are sustained of earth;
 All, whether we be simple clowns, or men of kingly birth.
 'Twere vain to shun the battle fray,
 To flee the perils of the seas;
 To fence ourselves in Autumn's sickly day
 From fever-laden breeze,

The dark Cocytus' sluggish stream, one day we all must view;
 We all must see the Danaids—that badly-famous crew,
 And aye, his labour wearisome
 Old Sisyphus condemned to ply;
 To earth, to loving wife, to house and home,
 We all must bid good-bye.

Then shall the cypress-tree alone, that tree misliked and feared,
 Attend on thee, its short-lived lord, of all that thou hast reared.
 And then the casks thou most dost hoard,
 Thine heir, more wise than thou, shall drain;
 And shall, with wine unmatched at pontiff's board,
 The costly floor bestain.

On the Eclipse of August 18th, 1868.

BY FATHER SECCHI.

ASTRONOMERS had conceived great hopes from the eclipse of August, 1868, on account of its long duration, which was to attain almost the utmost possible limits, and which in the most favourable region exceeded the space of six minutes and a half. The effect of this was certainly to give a very great facility for multiplying the observations adopted to resolve the numerous and important questions which had been raised by previous labours, and particularly by the observations of the latest total eclipses. Unfortunately, this special advantage was counterpoised by the difficulty of gaining access to the zone in which the total eclipse was to be visible. This zone did not lie at our doors, as was the case in 1842, 1851, and 1860. Beginning in Africa, near the centre of Abyssinia, it passed close to Aden, crossed the sea, penetrated into India between Goa and Bombay, emerging from it in the neighbourhood of Masulipatam, then traversed the Bay of Bengal to pass across the Peninsula of Malacca, then touched upon Borneo, and at length ended in the ocean not far from the shores of Australia. To these disadvantages of distance, there was to be added the difficulty of a climate regarded generally as remarkable for its unwholesomeness to strangers. Moreover, there was a risk of losing all the fruit of preparations, however great, on account of those atmospheric disturbances which are prevalent in the Indies during that season. Nevertheless, we are bound to admit, for the honour of our age, there was no hesitation as to pecuniary expenditure on the part of the various Governments, and men of science did not shrink from the dangers and fatigues inseparable from long voyages. Everywhere there was a generous concurrence for the purpose of advancing our acquaintance with the true nature of the sun.

Two expeditions were organised by France; that of M. Janssen, who proceeded to the east of the Indian Peninsula, near Masulipatam, and that of M. Stephan, who was to make his observations on the coasts of the Gulf of Siam. England despatched to the Indies Major Tennant and Lieutenant Herschel; the Austrians had an expedition at Aden, directed by Dr. E. Weiss; and MM. Spoerer and Pijsen, well-known Prussian astronomers, took up their post near the same station. Several persons joined company as volunteers with the learned officials, and had a share in the merit of their labours.

The most fortunate of these expeditions was indisputably the French

mission headed by M. Janssen, and it must be admitted that he displayed much intelligence in the choice of his position. M. Stéphán was on the point of losing the fruits of his journey, but the sky cleared up, as though by enchantment, a few minutes before the eclipse became total. The Prussians and English were equally inconvenienced by atmospheric difficulties. But there were good reasons for distributing the observing forces all along the line of totality, and it would be unjust to reckon the merit of each "martyr" of science by his individual success alone. We may add that the efforts made at Aden will not be all useless; the Austrians have obtained thereby some good observations, and some photographs, which it would be well to be able to compare with the less successful endeavours of Major Tennant.

In order to understand rightly the importance of the results of which we are about to give an account, it will be necessary to explain in a few words what was the object in view, and what were the advances in knowledge regarding the physical structure of the sun, which scientific men sought to gain on this occasion. Ordinary observations, then, have permitted us to discover that the sun is surrounded by a moveable and brilliant envelope, which has been termed photosphere, and which is liable to variations and partial fissures known under the name of *spots*. We have discovered from these spots that the luminous formation wherein they are produced is analogous to the clouds that float in our own atmosphere, with this difference—that our clouds are dark, whereas those around the sun are possessed of dazzling splendour. Moreover, from inductions founded upon the unequal distribution of light and heat over the surface of the sun's disk, we are enabled to conclude that this photosphere is itself surrounded by another transparent envelope, answering to our own gaseous atmosphere. But the extent and the form of this second envelope could not be determined under ordinary circumstances; it is from total eclipses alone that we have discovered this.

During a total eclipse this solar atmosphere presents itself to our eyes like an aureole encompassing the black disk of the moon. It then resembles much the glory with which painters environ the heads of the Saints. The photographs taken in Spain, in 1860, proved to us that this atmosphere is higher at the equator of the sun than at its poles, and that it is more extensive and brilliant in those regions where spots are habitually to be found.

Eclipses have likewise disclosed to us other phenomena, highly interesting and entirely unexpected. In 1842, the attention of astronomers was fastened for the first time upon certain red protuberances seen to emerge beyond the borders of the moon. These protuberances had been already remarked by some observers, but no one had paid them any serious attention. Moreover, the novelty of the phenomenon, and the surprise which it occasioned, prevented an immediate recognition of the true nature of these extraordinary objects. Opinions were divided. Some thought the protuberances

real ; others took them for optical illusions ; to some they seemed to be flames ; to others to be mountains. During the following eclipses, therefore, an exceptional attention was accorded to them, and the forms which they then presented gave an opportunity for settling various questions. Sometimes their dimensions were enormous, being twice or thrice the size of the earth. Some among them took the shape of vertical columns bent back horizontally at their summit, after the manner of the smoke which escapes from our chimneys ; there were even some that were completely detached from the sun, like isolated clouds. There remained nevertheless many doubts to be solved, because the discordance of the various descriptions was great, and there were enormous differences in the statements made by ocular witnesses.

But after the year 1860 further dispute was rendered impossible. The photographs of these protuberances which were obtained by M. de la Rue, at Rivabellosa, near the western coast of Spain, and by ourselves at the Desierto de las Palmas, near the eastern coast, although at a distance of 220 miles, and with a difference of real time amounting to ten minutes, presented images that were perfectly identical, and which, when laid one over the other, coincided without fault. There was but one slight variation, due to the inequality of parallax, to serve as an unimpeachable witness to the fact that the photographs were not copies, one taken from the other. The photographs showed all the features and forms already remarked by direct observations ; and, besides these, gave proof of an actinical force that was truly surprising, for the outlines were doubled from the effect of a slight trembling of the instrument during the space of a few seconds. It became evident that we had to deal with realities and not with optical illusions ; these flames were actually masses of fire, veritable clouds, and not mountains.

These photographs, moreover, enabled us to come to a decisive conclusion on a point which had been suspected before through previous observations, namely, that the protuberances are nothing more than the exaggerated form of a general layer of rose colour, which is placed in immediate contact with the photosphere, and entirely encompasses the sun. This layer had been remarked during eclipses at the periods of immersion and emergence, and described as a range of hills, or as the waves of a billowy sea. We had thus got so far as to be able to assert for certain the existence of a new layer of matter spread around the sun ; but unfortunately, this layer, all luminous though it is, remained habitually invisible. Down to the 18th of August, 1868, every effort to see the protuberances, except upon occasion of total eclipses, had altogether failed. Like other astronomers, we had essayed to no purpose the method of artificial eclipses with diaphragms of all descriptions. The only thing in which we succeeded was to see the material of this layer mingling itself with the veils of the photosphere, and taking the appearance of rose-coloured threads in the interior of the nuclei of the large spots. We were also

fortunate enough to see little filaments, particles of the photosphere, transform themselves into these rose-coloured veils. This was a valuable observation, and will be better appreciated now that, in consequence of the last eclipse, we are enabled to determine the phenomena which are closely allied to it.

Such was the condition of our knowledge respecting the sun when a new branch of science, namely, spectroscopy, laid open before us a crowd of mysteries until that time unapproachable, and raised many grave questions as to the subject before us. Learned men in general adopted the theory of M. Kirchhoff, according to which the black rays of the solar spectrum resulted from the absorption of light by the vapours of the metals and other substances scattered round the photosphere, these vapours possessing the faculty of absorbing precisely those very rays which, when the vapours are themselves incandescent, form the luminous rays of their own spectrum. But where ought we to place these absorbing vapours? In the diffuse and colourless atmosphere which produces the encircling "aureole" or glory, or in that other definite layer which forms the protuberances? Then came another question. These protuberances, although probably gaseous in their nature, are they analogous to condensed vapours, like our terrestrial clouds, composed of tiny crystals of ice or of drops of rain; or are they really incandescent masses in a gaseous state, according to the strict acceptance of the word?

These questions could only be solved at the occurrence of eclipses, by the observation of the spectrum of the corona and the protuberances. Should the spectrum of these bodies be continuous, they would prove, in all probability, to be substances in the state of precipitation; if it should present brilliant rays, they would certainly turn out to be gases, and the means of discovering their chemical nature would be within reach. Besides, on comparing the black lines of the solar spectrum with their brilliant lines, it would be possible to determine which of these two layers produced the black lines by its absorption.

These questions were important enough to justify most fully the long voyages undertaken for their solution. Similar voyages have been made in former times in order to determine the distance of the sun from the earth by means of the transit of Venus over that star. The more modern problems were of equal interest, and under one point of view, there existed still stronger reasons for great exertions. After all, it would have been possible for us to determine the distance of the sun by other means, whereas the nature of the solar envelopes could only be studied under favour of a total eclipse of such long duration as to permit the difficult and delicate observations of spectroscopy. It is not then to be wondered at that this opportunity was seized upon with so much eagerness, and that all obstacles were braved in order to utilise it.

The results have surpassed our expectations. Not merely have we it now in our power to reply by complete solutions to the questions

mooted, but moreover we have been put in possession of a means as precious as it was unlooked for, of repeating and multiplying at our leisure, in full sunshine, observations which seemed once as if they could be only practicable during the brief continuance of a total eclipse. In our explanation of these results we do not propose to attach ourselves to the labours of individuals, or to follow the course of the observers one by one; this process would be too long for us. We prefer regarding the subject in itself, and those of the observers whom we shall not name will not be invested, to our eyes, with less merit than the others. In these scientific operations, if they are meant to succeed, it is essential that the labour should be distributed, and he who has taken faithful charge of a less brilliant share of the operations has not the less a claim to his full share in the glory which belongs to all.

All of the observers were able to state that, in this eclipse, the sun was surrounded by a corona and by protuberances. Their general colour was of a brilliant peach-blossom red. None were, this time, seen completely isolated in the form of a cloud. One protuberance was really enormous; the measurement assigned to it extends to a tenth, or even an eighth of the diameter of the sun—in other words, about thirteen diameters of our earth. It does not, however, greatly exceed one which we ourselves observed in 1860. Its inclined form bore a near resemblance to that of a finger; some of the observers represent it as being strongly curved at its summit. But before concluding on this, we must wait for the photographs of the German and English astronomers.

The spectrum of the protuberances manifested itself to all the observers under the form of very brilliant lines, separated by intervals of blackness. These bright lines were found particularly in the red; but M. Rayet counted a considerable number of them, which he gives as corresponding to the lines B, C, D, b, f, and G of Fraunhofer, or, at least, as approaching them very nearly. The total number remarked by M. Rayet in the great protuberance already mentioned amounted to eight. Another protuberance afforded a single line in the violet part. Other protuberances produced different lines to the sight of others of the observers. The light of the corona, on the other hand, presented itself to M. Rziha, of the Austrian expedition, as altogether destitute of lines.

These results supply complete answers to the questions proposed. They demonstrate that the protuberances are gaseous masses raised to an enormous temperature, that they are not all of the same chemical composition, and that they contain the reversed lines of several substances which produce the black lines of the spectroscopic. Thus the rose-coloured layer is, by its absorption, one of the causes of the dark rays in the solar spectrum. Of course these lines seen by M. Rayet do not correspond to all the dark lines; but it would be absurd to suppose that a single protuberance could contain the immense number of substances which imprint their mark upon the

spectrum. Hydrogen is signalised by the lines C and *f* of M. Rayet ; and it is clear that this substance, in the case of the sun as with ourselves, rises up above the others by reason of its known lightness. The corona, on the other hand, as its spectrum appears continuous, is not like the protuberances, in a state of incandescence, and its whole composition is different from theirs. Rigorously speaking, from its having no luminous or dark lines, we cannot conclude that it must be formed of condensed vapours, for an eminent English chemist, Mr. Frankland, has proved that it is possible even for gases to present a continuous spectrum. We shall soon have more to say upon this interesting subject. Let us be satisfied with repeating for the present that the eclipse of the 18th of August has supplied us with true solutions of the questions laid down above. The protuberances are gaseous flames wherein shine such substances as, by their absorption, produce the black lines of the solar spectrum.

There was, however, a still more brilliant discovery reserved for M. Janssen. This learned man, well known for the originality of his labours in spectroscopy, was, as we believe, the first person who announced to Europe, by telegraph, the gaseous nature of the protuberances. It was doubtless while seeking to keep sight of the bright lines of their spectrum after the period of emergence from the borders of the sun, that he became convinced that it might be perfectly easy to obtain a view of them even in full sunshine. The attempt was made on the following day, and crowned with full success ; and before putting pen to the memorable letter in which he gave notice of his discovery, he had been enabled to renew his observations during a space of seventeen days.

Scarcely had we received tidings of this important information, when we hastened, as might be expected, to test its accuracy. We set to work, although in a state of complete ignorance regarding the details of the mode of observation. To our great astonishment, we experienced no difficulty whatever in verifying the discovery. Our manner of proceeding was as follows. In order not to endanger our instrument by the excessive heat, we reduced the aperture from twenty-five to eight centimètres. The only effect of this was to diminish the light without lessening the size of the image produced, a condition of great importance in obtaining success. Then, projecting the solar image upon the opening of our ordinary spectroscope, armed with two powerfully-dispersive prisms of flint, we soon, after feeling our way a little, were able to witness the phenomenon in all its beauty.

At the apparent summit of the disk of the sun were to be traced with wonderful clearness the luminous lines C and F produced by hydrogen, in continuation of the dark lines belonging to regions more distant from the sun's margin. The instrument may be placed in two positions with relation to the margin—that is, either perpendicularly or parallel to it. In arranging it perpendicularly we can generally see the line c become luminous over a small extent of surface near the edge of the sun amounting to be about ten or fifteen seconds of a degree. Only

at certain points of the border it lengthened itself, and displayed sometimes even detached luminous fragments. These are the places to which the protuberances and the clouds correspond. The rest is nothing but the manifestation of the thin, almost uniform, rose-coloured layer which encompasses the sun.

If we arrange the spectroscope in a parallel to the margin of the sun, we see that this line *c* becomes entirely luminous in the immediate vicinity of the sun; at a little distance it appears as divided into fragments. In the first instance the instrument covers the rose-coloured layer; in the second, it cuts the protuberances. In this manner we have seen the light of the lines of hydrogen which lie in the red and in the blue, and even, though with more difficulty, in the violet; and we have thus ascertained with certainty that the luminous lines of M. Rayet are due to the presence of hydrogen. We have, however, beheld other brilliant lines which do not relate to this substance; one, for example, very near the line of sodium, yet not to be confounded with it; another upon the very edge of the line *B* of Fraunhofer, and nevertheless quite distinct from it. We think then that the lines seen by M. Rayet in these two places were not in reality the lines *D* and *B* reversed, but other lines very near to them. Lastly, we have been able to see in the green several lines that acquired an extraordinary lustre, so as to disturb, so to speak, the harmony of the solar spectrum. Even where the rays *C* and *F* were not found reversed, we have seen the black rays disappear, which proved the existence of a partial reversal. This diminution of darkness is visible in a great number of other lines, and may lead to very interesting conclusions, and in particular to the explanation of the phenomenon remarked by M. Rziha, that the corona did not possess any obscure rays.

Our sole object in relating here what we have ourselves observed has been that the importance of this discovery might be brought into prominence. It will assuredly form of itself an epoch in science. It places in our hands a new method of taking cognisance of what passes in the solar atmosphere. It is manifest what an ample field it lays open to science and to the researches of spectroscopy. These new researches may even produce considerable modification in the ideas hitherto received in relation to the spectrum of the sun. Multitudes of questions will doubtless arise and demand fresh inquiries; the solution of them will be the work of time. We must not, however, deceive ourselves. These investigations will be always difficult. They require powerful and perfect instruments, besides patient and often painful labour; progress will not be so rapid as we might willingly wish to imagine.

In view of these great results, other points are of secondary importance. The question of the form and the variations of the protuberances during the eclipse will, we doubt not, have light thrown upon it by a comparison of the photographs taken at places widely distant, at Aden by the Austrians, and in the Indies by the English

The spectroscope, however, has already begun to give us an answer. M. Janssen, by his new method of proceeding, has seen certain protuberances undergo changes of form within a very short time, whereas others appeared remarkably persistent. During the few hours that we have been able to devote to this research, we have ascertained the existence of a scintillating protuberance shining at intervals during a few seconds, then disappearing and returning again into view. This was not an illusion; we were careful to have this singular phenomenon tested by all who were present in our observatory. A continuance of this study will be productive, no doubt, of other curious results.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to follow each protuberance during a long space of time. The rotation of the sun withdraws them quickly from the range of our vision, unless their dimensions are very vast. It is possible that we shall find out the relation between these luminous clouds and the sun's spots, a relation which is still at the present time doubtful. In a general way it has been clearly proved that they do not all correspond to the spots, yet the photographs from Spain show us that in the region of the spots, among the "royal zones" of Scheiner, the protuberances are more numerous. As we see them folded, after the fashion of the smoke of our chimneys, we recognise the current of the sun's atmosphere. The studies of the spectroscope should be applied by preference to the neighbourhood of the spots, so as to compare them with the rest of the margin of the sun.

Before quitting this subject, there is a question which we have to answer. How is it that the protuberances are visible in the spectroscope, whereas with only ordinary means we are unable to see them? What is the particular virtue of this instrument which reveals them to us? The reply is very simple. It is sufficient to look with a spectroscope at a flame of alcohol mixed with salt. This flame is yellow and very pale, and it might pass before the eye almost unperceived; but its spectrum presents a double line, very vivid and very brilliant, like two threads of gold, which, when viewed in the spectroscope, cannot fail to attract attention at once. In the same way, there are certain small nebulous planetary bodies, scarcely equal to a star of the ninth degree, which in this instrument produce a very visible and brilliant line. It is, then, a law that, when the light is homogeneous and undispersed, it acquires in the spectroscope considerable intensity. Being thus concentrated, the rays of the protuberances can be easily distinguished, in spite of the far more diffused light borrowed by our atmosphere from the brilliant body of the sun, and which, outside the spectroscope, eclipses them entirely.

We have already mentioned that the corona of the sun presented a continuous spectrum to the view of M. Rziha. This observation is interesting, and is in harmony with that which we ourselves have made, namely, that near the border of the sun, even when the luminous line does not appear as radiant, it yet has sufficient intensity to cause the disappearance of the corresponding black line.

After these comparisons, it becomes still more interesting to know whether the light of the aureole is polarised or not, so as that we may judge as to its being reflected or direct.

Here, unhappily, our witnesses are not all agreed. There are certain observers who, during other eclipses, and during this eclipse likewise, detected the presence of polarisation in a region crossing the centre of the sun, but the observations of the Gulf of Siam have given us a negative result. We must then wait and compare the details of the discordant observations, so as to attribute to each one its suitable weight, before committing ourselves to any conclusion.

The beauty of Indian skies permitted the observers not only to see the corona, but also to discern the brilliant ring which forms that part of it which lies closest to the globe of the sun. MM. Stephan and Tisserand have beheld the moon bordered, as it were, with a thin outline of light of about a quarter of a minute's extent, and of a splendour almost comparable to that of the sun. This splendour was sufficient to cause some mistake as to the moment of actual contact.

This observation is very exact, and gives us light concerning several others of the same nature which had remained problematical. Father Cappelletti, in his observations made in Chili, on the 25th of April, 1865, had been equally favoured with a sight of this ring (*anillo*). He sent us a drawing of it, which we published, and which displays the ring bright and decided, as in the report of M. Stephan. But, further, the Astronomer Royal of England, Professor Airy, after having, in 1842 (at Turin), clearly determined and marked by his chronometer the instant of the disappearance of the sun's edge, was quite surprised, on looking again at his glass, to perceive that the sun did not yet seem to be concealed. He almost thought that he could observe two contacts, a circumstance which caused him a good deal of embarrassment.

We can now understand all these statements, and all the contradictions of observers about the dimensions of the corona, which vary enormously in different eclipses, and also in different climates. In misty atmospheres it is not possible to behold the real size and the extreme limits of the corona; it is only the most brilliant part of it which is seen, and then it appears very narrow, as at Trollhaetten. On the other hand, under a purer sky, the full extent of this light can be seen, even the different layers of it can be discerned, and it is now an undoubted fact that the layer nearest the sun is exceedingly lustrous, and stands out from the rest. It was this layer of light which, presenting itself to former observers who were looking either with bad instruments or with the naked eye, led them into the idea that the eclipse was not total. We can comprehend, also, how it is that, in ordinary observations, we see the margin of the sun so undetermined, and why the photographic representations of the sun have diameters variable according to the times of exposition. It is, moreover, in consequence of the vividness of this layer, that we have not observed so great a darkness at the time of an eclipse as we had a

right to expect, considering the great difference between the apparent diameters of the moon and of the sun.

Besides the aureole of the crown, there have been seen luminous "sheaves," very long and entangled, which started out at various points of the disk. We must admit that the origin of these is still an undiscovered problem. A good deal must be attributed to local circumstances of atmosphere, and even to illusions or unknown instrumental causes. Thus, at one and the same station, different observers described them in different manners. Must we, however, put the whole thing down to optical illusion? It appears at first that these sheaves are more frequent in the neighbourhood of the protuberances, and near the indentations which separate the mountains on the border of the moon; and in this they present some analogy to the rays which often accompany the sun when setting behind clouds, and which it is even possible to imitate by artificial means. But the sheaves observed by Father Cappelletti in the eclipse of 1865 cannot in any manner be brought under this explanation. One among them was very long and very brilliant, and with a very definite edge upon one side, whereas, on the other, it was undetermined, and fell away by soft degrees. This form and these circumstances cannot be explained as above. We may say as much respecting those skeins of rays, crossed with peculiar complications, which were remarked in Brazil by skilful observers. It appears to us that the most prudent course is to wait for further explanation.

Now, in fact, that we are aware how numerous is the swarm of bodies which move around the sun, comprehending therein those immense trains of matter which form our "shooting stars," may we not suppose that certain still unexplained appearances during eclipses are in some intimate relation with those wandering masses? We put forth this conjecture, waiting for future eclipses to afford us a reply.

The observers engaged in these profound researches have maintained great reserve with regard to those exciting sensations which must be aroused in any lover of the great scenes of nature by the sight of a phenomenon so solemn as the entire disappearance of the star of day from its place in the heavens. In spite of the certainty that it will speedily return, the imagination remains, as it were, terror-stricken. We can remember how, when under this impression, although we were well prepared for it, we found ourselves obliged to call on all the force of our will not to lose the precious moments in a kind of stupefaction of our intellectual faculties. We were not alone in those feelings, and we can readily imagine what an influence the spectacle must exercise under the magnificent skies of India. Several astronomers have since their return spoken to us in the same sense; and in Spain one of the most distinguished declared that, when the next eclipse came, he meant to go and witness it, of course, but he would go without instruments, content to admire with his naked eye the grand spectacle presented by nature at such a time.

Amongst the terrestrial phenomena remarked during eclipses, we

should mention the appearance of luminous bands along the horizon, about the time of totality. These bands have not been hitherto explained; they may have their origin either in our atmosphere or in the sun. When we direct our glass, armed with the spectroscope, towards a star near the horizon, we see passing before the spectrum luminous waves, which, while they leave in perfect immobility the black lines of the spectrum, cause the star to appear as though traversed by a series of bands of light. Is there not some analogy between this phenomenon and the undulations that we perceive floating in space when the solar crescent, reduced to the smallest size, begins to resemble the stars? Is it not, in short, possible that these bands may be produced by the *scintillations* of the protuberances of which we have just mentioned an example?

Perhaps there may have been, on this occasion, some slight negligence with respect to secondary observations. We trust that, in the future, closer attention may be paid to them. In the course of a few years there will be a total eclipse not far from us: it is well to commence our preparations for it at once, by laying down the questions of which it will be desirable to seek the solution.

Such is our summary, though of course an incomplete one, of the advance which has been made by science owing to this memorable eclipse. It is clear that the expenses of the expeditions have been by no means thrown away, and the importance of the results will become still more evident as soon as we possess complete narratives from all the observers.

Plea for a Bird just Caught.

(From the French of Marie Jemna.)

Yes, he is captive : grasp'd within thy hand,
His feathered sheen and liquid song lie bound :
The glade that echoed all this day his song,
To-morrow mute and empty may be found :
Yet, brother, shall he die ?

His slender strength must yield to thine, I know ;
Still pity pleads for one so glad and bright ;
'Tis sweet to live among the flowery thorns,
Singing from fragrant morn till dew-sprent night—
Dear brother, let him fly !

Oh ! think what joy it is to breast the air,
To cut the etherial blue, now high, now low—
Now here, now there—spanning the trackless waste,
Like some swift-shooting bark with leaping prow.
Ah ! let him fly !

Now circling high in wheels with quivering wing,
And then down-dropping to the wave-tost main ;
Not knowing if the toll of yonder bell,
Comes down from Heaven, or mounts from wooded plain.
He must not die !

No, let him sweep by tower and pine-clad height,
By flowery grove bee-rifled, purling stream,
Breathing with each swift wing-beat, fragrant air
From blooms of earth, and heaven's bright sunny beam.
Yes, let him fly !

Let him still drink bright rain-drops from the rose,
From the bent quivering reed still joyous spring ;
Be counted as some precious, unspoilt gem,
Of all the world of life the crowning thing !
He must not die !

Then loose him, brother ! Loose that feather'd joy,
Open thy hand and let him swift rush through ;
Spring up with piercing trill and seek his home,
To tell his nestlings the good news and true !
Ah ! see him fly !—

Then pour'd that lay so sweet, so clear, its joy
Smote yonder workman bending o'er his wood,
Smote into breathless listening where he stood.
“ Our God is good ! ” it rings ; “ He makes us glad—
And man, His image, like his God, is good,
And sets us free ! ”

E. B.

The Black-robe at an Indian Council.

[OUR readers will be grateful to us for putting before them the following extracts from a letter by a celebrated Catholic Missionary in North America, who for many years has exercised a great influence over the Indians of the Upper Missouri; and who, in the course of last year, on the occasion to which the letter refers, was sent, on the part of the American Government, to induce some of the hostile tribes to accept the terms of peace offered to them, and to make them sensible of their danger in case of persistent resistance. Our extracts begin with the departure of the good Father from Fort Rice.]

June 3rd. I said my Mass early in the morning to recommend myself to God. A few words upon the companions of my travels will not, I think, be out of place. Mr. Galpin, who had formerly been employed in treating and negotiating with the savages, and who has spent thirty years in the country, a man well tried and of great experience, generously offered to go with me in the capacity of interpreter. He took with him his good old lady (a Sioux by birth), who has been converted to our holy religion, and exercises a powerful influence among all the Indian tribes of her nation. I will merely add the names of the principal chiefs of my escort. First comes *The Two Bears*, a great chieftain of the important tribe of the Yantonnais, who was at the head of 700 houses or families. He is a man distinguished for his ardent zeal in favour of peace, as well as for his eloquence. He has solemnly adopted me as his brother. *Le Cabri à la Course* is a chief of the Uncpapas, renowned for his bravery and his famous deeds of war achieved against his enemies, and especially against the Whites. Since last year he has accepted every proposal that has been made for the establishment of peace with great candour and earnestness, and at present devotes himself to the maintenance of these agreements. Then come *Le Côte d'Ours*, *Le Soliveau*, *Le Noir dans tout son entour*, *L'Esprit revenant*, *Le Nuage brillant*, *Le petit Chien*, and *Le Corbeau Assis*. These are all famous and distinguished chiefs, who took their place in my escort at the head of eighty of their principal warriors. They belong to different Sioux tribes, whose names are the Yantonnais, the Yantons, the Shorn-heads, the Black-feet, the Uncpapas, the Minicarjons, the Ogallallas, the Sissitoris, and the Santees. They all freely and generously offered and attached themselves to my service with the sole view of persuading their hostile countrymen to lend me a favourable and attentive hearing, and with the design of affording me their protection in case of need.

The gathering was complete; a large circle was formed, to which several officers of the Fort joined themselves, along with their soldiers

and a considerable number of Indians belonging to the various tribes just mentioned. I then offered a solemn prayer to the Great Spirit, begging that He would take us under His safe keeping ; and I made a short discourse to the numerous friends gathered round us, recommending our success to their pious remembrances. Our march began at seven in the morning ; we directed our course westward, following the line marked out by the sun. We travelled forty-two miles that day, and camped on the north bank of the River Cannon Ball.

The whole tract of country through which we passed is very undulating, and covered with a rich carpet of green, and at this season of the year the scene was further beautified by the abundant variety of flowers, which are constant objects on which the eye may dwell with pleasure. The starry cactus, yellow, white, and red, appeared to be the most conspicuous. During the day we had a very heavy rain, accompanied with a violent wind, which much retarded the progress of the waggons laden with our small stock of provisions and with the travelling bags of my escort. Arrived at the place of encampment, not much time was needed for every one to put himself at his ease. All seemed full of activity and in great delight, and all joyfully set themselves to work. Our hunting party came in with four beautiful kids. To chase down a kid is always a difficult task. It was told me as quite an extraordinary feat that a young Indian of my escort, during the pursuit of one of these animals, having made his horse lie prostrate on the ground, succeeded in lodging two arrows in the body of his prey. In order to succeed the hunter has recourse to a little stratagem. He imitates the cry of distress usual to the goat's young, and when the kid stops to look around he gives the mortal blow. Whilst some were employed in arranging beds for themselves, composed of small branches of willow and the cotton tree, others were busy lighting fires, filling kettles and coffee-pots, and cutting up meat and placing it at the end of pointed sticks to broil, all with a view of satisfying the interior man—or, to use a more vulgar expression, their "hungry bellies." Every savage has a most excellent stomach, and, as it is known from observation, one of very large capacity. The four kids, followed by several *et ceteras* brought from Fort Rice, disappeared rapidly at the first meal. Then, as if for the purpose of obtaining a wholesome digestion, they danced a few rounds, their legs and arms going at a tremendous rate, accompanied with songs of merriment, given forth at the top of the voice. At last they all took their seats ; the never-failing Indian pipe was passed from mouth to mouth ; they spoke and argued upon the topics of the day, told stories, bringing forward their experiences either of the chase or of warlike encounters, they laughed and joked till sleep began to gain on them, and then they withdrew to give themselves up to quiet repose.

I took occasion in various instructions to train them up in the good practice of performing their devotional duties towards the Great Spirit every morning when they rose, and in the evening before going to bed.

June 4th. After having spent a good peaceful night we were up early in the morning for our second day's travel. The fires were immediately kindled once more, and whilst the water was boiling each one said his customary prayers; then each hastily took his cup of coffee, his piece of broiled meat, and his biscuit. The whole of these preliminaries occupied about three-quarters of an hour, and at five o'clock we were on our way.

It would be too long to give you in this letter, day by day, the particulars of our march and of the country through which we passed. To avoid repetitions, which are always so wearisome and fatiguing, I will observe here that the district we traversed for a distance of about 250 miles, is a succession of delightful and undulating plains and lofty table-lands of vast extent, quite free from forests. The soil or vegetable part of the earth is very light, impregnated in many places with saltpetre, which makes the stagnant waters disagreeable to drink and unhealthy. In summer, especially, fresh running water is very scarce. The River Cannon Ball rolls its little stream along the whole length, and it takes its source in some high projecting mountains, which were in sight for two days as we were proceeding on our route, and which the Indians call the "rainy" or "cloudy summits," enveloped as they always are in a sort of brownish-blue vapour. All its tributaries consist, in summer, of pits and water-pools, which only furnish their contributions to the main stream during the short showers so frequent in the rainy seasons. Small fish, the musk rat, and the castor are in great quantities. On the banks of these little rivulets are found the sambucus, the urmus, and the cherry-grape, bearing a beautiful and fragrant flower and a very delicious fruit, which the savages gather with much care. When wood fails, dry buffalo dung is used for cooking with—it burns like turf. The plains are covered with short "Buffalo Grass," which feeds and fattens countless native herds. A white produce of the earth, which may be called the potato of the savage, is everywhere to be found; for Providence has scattered it in great profusion for the support of the poor children of the desert. When pressed by hunger the Indian has only to descend from his horse, and, armed with a pointed stick of hard wood, which he always carries with him, in ten minutes he extracts a sufficiently large quantity of roots from the ground to satisfy him for the time being. This potato is mealy, and can be eaten as well raw as boiled, or roasted along with meat. It is a great remedy against scurvy, a complaint by which the savages are much attacked.

* * * * *

June 9th. After six days' march, having found no trace of the hostile camps, we despatched some scouts from our escort, the Rafter, the Burning Cloud, the Little Dog, and the Perched Crow, to go and scour the plain in search of the enemy. We made an agreement with them as to the direction to be taken, and the various places where we should pitch our camp at the close of each day. Each of our explorers carried a small supply of tobacco with him. I will here

observe that to send a present of tobacco is the same as a formal invitation, or a declaration to the effect that a conference upon important matters is desired, and that an interview is requested for this purpose. If the tobacco is accepted, it is a sure sign that the proposal is agreed to; if, on the contrary, it is refused, it is an indication that all intercourse is rejected. According to the favourable or unfavourable result the negotiators take their measures.

June 16th. We were encamped at the sources of the River Castor, tributary to the River *Petit Missouri des Gros Ventres*; it springs forth from the mountainous hills which separate the waters of the Missouri from those of the Yellow Rock. Late in the afternoon we espied afar off the approach of a band of Indians. We distinguished, by means of the telescope, the return of our scouts, and soon after they presented themselves at the camp, at the head of a deputation of eighteen warriors, announcing their arrival by loud acclamations and joyous songs. All shook me warmly by the hand; and, after we had smoked together the pipe of peace—the first proof of their good will—they announced to me, in the name of the great chiefs of the camp, that my tobacco had been favourably received; that the entrance to the camp was opened to the Black-robe alone; that no other White should escape with his scalp; that all the chiefs awaited my arrival with impatience, desiring to hear me and to know the motives of my visit.

We had then an interchange of news. I learnt that the great camp was at a distance of three days' march, in the valley of the River Yellow Rock, some miles above the mouth of the Powder River. The night passed away in festivities among the Indians of my escort and the newly-arrived, intermingled with joyful songs and friendly rounds of the pipe. It was one of those noisy reunions of the savage, in which harmony and cordiality prevail as well as boisterous mirth.

* * * * *

June 19th. At last, after having traversed a fine plateau of twelve miles extent, we arrived at the beautiful hills which border the Powder River. Its bed is large and sandy, without being deep. At a little distance to our right it pays its tribute to the Yellow Rock, and mingles its waters with those of a great cataract or rapid above its mouth, the heavy sound of which is heard afar off, resembling the distant rumbling of thunder. At this spot the lofty hills of the Yellow Rock, though entirely barren, are yet very remarkable and picturesque. At a distance of about four miles, in the lower plain of the Powder River, we saw a numerous company of horsemen, composed of from four to five hundred warriors, who came to meet me; and immediately I raised my standard of peace, bearing the holy name of JESUS on one side, and on the other the image of the Blessed Virgin Mary, surrounded with stars of gold. At this signal the whole troop halted, and seemed to enter into consultation. A moment after, the four great chiefs approached us at full speed, and seemed as it were to canter around the standard. After they had learnt and understood its

high importance and signification, they gave me their hands, and made signs for the warriors to approach. They then formed themselves into one long line or column; we did the same, and with the standard at our head, we went forward to meet them. At the same time the air resounded with cries and songs of joy from both sides. I was moved even to tears in contemplating the reception which these sons of the desert (still pagans) had prepared for the poor Black-robe. It was the finest spectacle I ever had the happiness to witness; and, contrary to all expectation, full of manifestations of the most profound respect. All took place in admirable order. Having arrived at a distance of two or three hundred yards, the two columns halted face to face; all the chiefs came to clasp my hand in sign of friendship, and gave me a hearty welcome to their country. Afterwards, surrounded by all the chiefs, I gave my hand to all the band of warriors. An interchange of horses, arms, and clothes between the two columns took place at the same time. When this first ceremony was ended, the four great chiefs escorted me, as a guard of honour, to prevent any perfidious attack from hidden traitors resolved to avenge themselves on the White-skin. According to the penal code in vigour among the savages, every Indian who has lost a member of his family, killed by the Whites, is obliged to take vengeance on the first White whom he meets. Now a great number were in this state at my arrival among them. With the banner of the Blessed Virgin at our head, we next directed our steps towards the camp, which was situate at a distance of ten or twelve miles, and comprised nearly six hundred huts. The Powder River once crossed, the Indians re-formed into a close phalanx. Their accoutrements were thoroughly savage—feathers, principally of the eagle, but also of other birds, ornamented their long hair; even the horses carried feathers at their heads and tails, intermingled with ribbons of various colours, and scalps taken from the enemy. Each one, according to his caprice, had smeared his face, either with red, black, yellow, or blue, varied or speckled with all imaginable colours. I had not at all expected this real and curious masquerade, which is seen but rarely even here. At the same time my heart was as tranquil, and my mind as calm, as if I had been at home amongst you, and I did not cease to make heartfelt prayers for their conversion. We made our entrance into the camp in the midst of four or five thousand Indians, great and small, who received us with all the marks of true and sincere joy. Soon after, I took possession of a large hut, situate in the middle of the camp, which the generalissimo of the warriors, *Taureau Assis* (Sitting Bull), had prepared for me, and which was guarded, night and day, by a band of the most faithful soldiers. I was oppressed with fatigue and hunger, a mouthful was hastily prepared for me, and I was not long in falling asleep. On my awakening, I found the Sitting Bull at my side, as well as the great chiefs of the camp, the Four Horns, the Black Moon, the Great Orator, and the Man Without a Neck. The Sitting Bull then addressed me, and said: "Black-robe, I can with difficulty support

myself under the weight of the blood of the Whites which I have shed. The Whites provoked the war; their injustices, their indignities offered to our families, the cruel and unheard-of massacre, without the least provocation, at Fort —— (where Shevington was in command) of from six to seven hundred women, children, and old men, had made every vein in my body quiver with fury. I aroused myself, sword in hand, and I have wrought on the Whites all the evil that I could possibly do them. To-day you are in the midst of us, and at your presence my arms fall to the ground as dead. I will listen to your good words of peace, and revengeful as I have been on the race of the Whites, I am ready to become as earnest in their favour." The chiefs then spoke to me about the preparations to be made for the great council, which was to be held the next day.

The remainder of the day, up to a very advanced hour, passed in visits, and in conversations with the chief warriors and representatives of the camp. A consoling incident, and one worth recounting, happened in my hut. A venerable old man, distinguished by his tall stature, and bent under the weight of years, supporting himself with a staff, on the top of which was an old bayonet, came to give me his hand, and express to me his happiness to see me again. He carried on his breast a metal cross, old and worn. It was the only religious mark that I could observe in the vast Indian camp; and it filled me with joy and emotion. I asked him, with eagerness and interest, to tell me from whom he had received this cross. After a moment of reflection, and counting on his fingers, he answered me, "It is thou, Black-robe, who didst give me this cross. I have carried it without ceasing for twenty-six years. This cross has raised me to the skies among my people (*i. e.*, has made me great and respected). If I still walk upon the earth, it is to the cross that I am indebted, and the Great Spirit has blessed my numerous family." I asked him to explain, and he continued, "When I was younger I was madly fond of drink, and on every occasion I became intoxicated and committed excesses. It is twenty-six years since my last tumultuous revel. I then had the happiness to meet with thee; and thou didst give me to understand that my conduct was a contempt of the Author of Life, and offended Him grievously. Since then I have had frequent occasions to fall, friends have sometimes wished to force me to join their unlawful pleasures, and oftentimes my former evil passion has combated against my good-will, which desired to resist the temptation. Each time the cross came to my assistance. I took it in my hands, imploring the Great Spirit to grant me strength, and thy words, Black-robe, came back to my mind. Since the time of our first interview, I have renounced all strong drink, without ever tasting a single drop." Strengthened by the grace of our Saviour, the firmness of the good old man, and his good-will to resist the temptation, were truly admirable. This good, simple-hearted savage, living in the midst of his pagan brethren, in the most hostile camp of the desert, had little difficulty in understanding the most lofty truths; he received from on

high the light of understanding, and derived his strength from the humble little cross. As Thomas à Kempis so well says, the poor savage "found in the cross a protection against his evil passion, an infusion of heavenly sweetness, strength of mind, and joy of spirit." He had always retained the hope of seeing me again; and indeed something very essential was yet wanting. I encouraged him to persevere in his good purposes. I spoke to him of the great importance of the Sacrament of Regeneration, which would make him worthy to enter, after his death, into the celestial country, to live eternally in the midst of the happy children of the Great Spirit. Padanegrice, or *Le Ricaric Jaune*, was the name of the old man. After the council, when I left the camp, he followed me for a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. Every evening he received instruction in the encampment, and was solemnly baptised on the 28th of June. He manifested the most lively gratitude, and full of joy returned to the camp which he had left.

June 20th—Day of the Great Council.—Early in the morning men and women were busy preparing the place where the council was to be held. The spot occupied almost half an acre of land, or 2,420 square yards. The whole place was surrounded by a number of "tessies," or Indian huts, each one composed of from twenty to twenty-four buffalo skins, which were suspended on long poles of pine. The banner of the Blessed Virgin occupied the centre, and at its side a seat was prepared for me, composed of fine buffalo robes. When all the Indians had taken up their places, to the number of four or five thousand, I was solemnly introduced to the rustic hall, which had been hurriedly put up for the occasion by the two great chiefs, the Four Horns and the Black Moon, and took my place. The council opened with songs and dances, at once noisy, joyous, and truly savage, in which the warriors alone took part. The Four Horns then lit his pipe of peace; he presented it first, with solemnity, to the Great Spirit, imploring His favour, and then held it out to the four quarters of the globe, to the sun and earth, as witnesses of the actions of the council. Then he himself passed the pipe from mouth to mouth—I was the first to receive it, then my interpreter, then the chiefs, all sitting according to the rank which they occupied in the tribe. Each one smoked a little in turn. The ceremony of smoking finished, the great chief addressed me and said: "Speak, Black-robe, our ears are opened to hear thy words." All this was done with the greatest gravity, and in profound silence.

I will finish this letter by giving you a short sketch of the transactions and speeches of the council. Though it lasted from three to four hours, all passed off in perfect order and decorum. Standing up and raising my hands to heaven, I made a prayer to the Great Spirit to ask His light, blessing, and help on the entire assembly. For the space of nearly an hour, I explained to them the disinterested motives which had brought me to their midst, and which could not but tend to their happiness if my words were well understood. I spoke to them

of the dangers which surrounded them—of their weakness in comparison with the great strength of the Whites, if the Great Father were forced to direct the latter against them. The evils of the war had been terrible, and the crimes committed on both sides had been atrocious. The Great Father wished that all should be forgotten and forgiven. To-day his hand was ready to assist them, and to give them instruments of agriculture, domestic animals, men to teach them to labour in the fields, and masters and mistresses to instruct their little children—all was offered them without the least remuneration or concession of lands on their part. All these points were discussed, and they resolved, in accordance with the request which I made to them, to send a deputation to the Commissioners of Peace. Four chiefs spoke—all their speeches ran more or less in the same strain. It will be sufficient to cite here the speech of the Black Moon, with the ceremonies that accompanied it. He rose with the pipe in his hand, and addressing himself to his people, said to them, "Listen to my words." Then he solemnly raised the pipe to heaven, and lowered it again to the earth (which in its Indian interpretation is to call heaven and earth to witness). At his request I touched the pipe with my lips, and placed my right hand on the tube; then I smoked with it several times, he did the same, and then the pipe passed on to the others. He then said in a loud voice:—

The Black-robe has made a long journey to come to us. His presence among us fills me with joy, and with all my heart I bid him welcome into my country. All the words which the Black-robe has addressed to us are intelligible, good, and full of truth. I will keep them carefully in my mind. Yet our hearts are incensed and have received deep wounds. These wounds are yet to be healed. A cruel war has laid waste and impoverished our land; the desolating torch of war was not lit by us. The Sioux to the East and the Sheyennes to the South were the first to begin war, to avenge themselves for the injustices and cruelties of the Whites. We were obliged to take part in it, for we also have been the victims of their rapacity and misdeeds. To this day, when we traverse our plains, we find here and there the grass stained with blood; those stains are not the red marks of the buffalo or stag slain in the chase, but rather they are those of our own comrades, or of the Whites slain in vengeance. The buffalo, the stag, the goat, the flat-horn, and the roebuck have abandoned our vast plains. We find them but seldom, and that always in smaller numbers; is it not, perchance, the smell of human blood that puts them to flight? I will yet add, the Whites, against our consent, cut up our country with their great roads of transport and emigration; they build forts on different points, and plant cannon there; they kill our animals more than necessity requires; they are cruel to our people, they ill-use and massacre them without cause, or for the slightest provocation, even when they are in search of food, animals, and roots to support their wives and children. They destroy our forests in spite of us, and without giving us the value of them. They bring ruin on our country. We cannot submit to the making of the great roads which drive away the buffaloes from our lands—it is our soil, and we are determined not to cede an inch of it. Our ancestors were born and are buried in this soil. We desire to live there as they did, and we wish that our tombs should be in the same soil. We have been forced to hate the Whites. Let them treat us as brothers and the war will cease. Let them remain in their homes and we will not go to trouble them—but the thought of seeing them come and build their houses in our land is revolting to us, and we are determined to oppose it or die. Thou, Messenger of Peace, thou hast made us look

to a more favourable future. Well, then, let it be so; let us hope for it! Let us draw a veil over the past, and let it be forgotten. I have but one word more. In presence of all my people, I express to thee here all my gratitude for all the good news that thou hast brought us, and for all thy good counsels and advice. We accept thy tobacco (invitation). Some of our warriors will accompany thee to Fort Rice, to hear the words and proposals of the Commissioners of the Great Father. If their words are acceptable, peace shall be concluded.

He then returned to his place.

The Black Moon was succeeded by the Sitting Bull, the Two Bears, and the Running Goat. All treated the subject as the Black Moon had done, and pronounced in favour of peace. It is useless to report here the different speeches, the first will suffice.

At the close of the council, and at the moment of departure, the chiefs begged me, with most earnest entreaties, to leave them my great standard of peace as a *souvenir* of the great day of the council. I willingly consented to their desires. I presented the standard to them as a testimony of acknowledgment of the confidence with which they had inspired me in their whole conduct towards me, and in the speeches which they had just spoken. At the same time I entertained the sincere hope that the standard which bore the sweet name of JESUS, and the beautiful image of the Virgin, Mother of all Nations, and Queen of Heaven, would be a pledge of future safety and happiness for the whole tribe. I recommended them very especially to the protection of the holy and good Mother, *Auxilium et Refugium Indianorum*, as of old in Paraguay, Canada, everywhere and always.

Afterwards there was a song, to which the echoes of the hills resounded, and a dance, which made the earth tremble. This was the end of the council; it ended quietly, in good order and harmony. Each one retired to his dwelling. I returned to my hut, where the chief Indians followed me. A great number of little children came to present themselves, led by their mothers, who held in their arms their new-born babes. I went out immediately, and they pressed around me with a confidence very strange and unusual with Indian children, to give me their little hands. The mothers were not satisfied until I had placed my hand on the heads of all the babies and little children who surrounded me, and then they departed contented and happy.

Our Library Table.

1. MR. HAWKER'S *Cornish Ballads and Poems* deserve a hearty welcome. He is not a voluminous author; and his published poems would but fill a book of very moderate size. But they are all good; and many are equal to those of the best writers of our time. These Cornish ballads and songs will be remembered, when epics in xij books, or twenty cantos, and sonnets by the score, will be utterly forgotten. The roll of our modern poets, or rather of people who publish what is largely called poetry, is long enough, from Browning or Tennyson, down to the "Poet Close," or even Martin Tupper. And there is no flattery in saying, that by many of the poems in this volume, Mr. Hawker has claimed and achieved for himself a distinguished place in the list.

The home of every true poet influences the character and tone of all that he writes. Mr. Hawker, we believe, has lived for nearly forty years in a district of Cornwall, wild, grand, and remote; we might almost say, desolate. His parish lies leagues distant from the nearest market town: and is to be reached only across long miles of bleak moorland, high and wild, and without a tree, without hedges, with scarcely a cottage or a hamlet to be seen. Not but that such a country has a charm, and even beauty, in its loneliness: dark at one time under the heavy, lowering, gloom of November clouds, or the driving mist, and amid the howlings of a western storm: at another, brilliantly lighted up by the varied gleamings of a broken April sky, or in the full blaze of an August sun. Mile after mile the moors and downs spread and extend on every side, with a special character of their own, in the wild flowers, and the tufts of tall coarse grass, unlike the hills of Mendip, or Salisbury Plain, or even of Dartmoor and Exmoor. Whilst, if the day is still, the whole air is filled fuller and more full as the traveller journeys westward, with the deep sullen roar of the Atlantic waves breaking against the cliffs, or rolling in over the shingle or the sands below. And at last he arrives at the "Station of St. Morwenna," as Mr. Hawker loves to call it: two or three half ruinous cottages (the "town-place" somewhat larger, is half a mile away), the vicarage house, and the church. These stand together at the head of a valley, opening from the level of the moors; the sides of it sloping steeply down each hill, along a descent of half a mile or more, towards a low break of the loftier line of cliffs, not higher perhaps than a hundred feet above the waves which, at all times of the tide, break against their base. This

valley serves as a perfect funnel for the sea-winds to blow through : and it is easy to conceive the violence with which a south-wester roars along its course, closed in more and more, until it reaches the broad freedom and expanse of the great table-land above.

But at this narrowing point, the founders of the first Church of St. Morwenna, earlier even than in Norman times, did not hesitate to build : and at the west end, the tall square tower of the present church has stood, defiant of the storm, unshaken, for four hundred years. The author of this volume, some thirty years ago, followed their example, and built his new vicarage house, close by: not a whit less open to the wind, and bravely facing outwards to the sea. A few small trees, with every branch driven away, level, eastwards towards the land, and with trunks bare and rugged to the west, border the churchyard wall, and give a poor shelter to the vicarage farm-yard. Except these, which add to the seeming wildness of the place, not a shrub, not a hedge, stands on the bleak sides of the valley. Patches, here and there, of gorse, high enough perhaps to shelter a stray bird, can alone live against the constant sweeping of the Atlantic winds.

Many of Mr. Hawker's poems would give evidence of long continued residence in scenery such as we have briefly described, and on the borders of so mighty a sea. We might instance "The Croon on Hennacliff," the legend of "Mawgan of Melhuach," or "The Sea-bird's Cry." These are too long to quote entire, and we extract the following stanzas from "The Storm":—

I.

War, 'mid the ocean and the land,
The battle-field, Morwenna's strand,
Where rock and ridge the bulwark keep,
The giant warders of the deep.

II.

They come ! and shall they not prevail,
The seething surge, the gathering gale ?
They fling their wild flag to the breeze,
The banner of a thousand seas.

* * * * *

IV.

Have the rocks faith, that thus they stand
Unmoved, a grim and stately band,
And look, like warriors tried and brave,
Stern, silent, reckless, o'er the wave ?

* * * * *

VII.

Thy way, O God, is in the sea,
Thy paths, where awful waters be:
Thy Spirit thrills the conscious stone,
O Lord, Thy footsteps are not known.

But more than the evidence which is shown of Mr. Hawker's love for his own home and its wild neighbourhood, is his love for the

county, for Cornwall itself. The first poem in the volume is the well known "Song of the Western Men." It is not necessary to quote it here; having been printed many times, from the day when Walter Scott supposed it to be a true ancient ballad, and Lord Macaulay praised it under the same belief. It is very spirited and real, with the genuine ring and rhythm of the old times.

And so, over and over again, we find Cornwall to be the key-note, as it were, of Mr. Hawker's song. "Cornish phrase," "The great Cornish heart," "My own dear Cornwall, throned upon the hills," "The merry hearts of Cornish Land," and the like, all these stand for and are types of something greater, purer, and more noble than England elsewhere can produce or show. Whether this be so or not, at any rate we feel a greater truthfulness, a more certain reality, as we read Mr. Hawker's poems.

* It is not easy to know which among these poems we should select, in order to give our readers a just idea of the volume. Let us however take this—

A LEGEND OF THE HIVE.

I.

Behold those wing'd images,
Bound for their evening bowers:
They are the nation of the bees,
Born from the breath of flowers.
Strange people they! a mystic race,
In life, and food, and dwelling place.

II.

They first were seen on earth, 'tis said,
When the rose breathes in spring:
Men thought her blushing bosom shed
These children of the wing:
But lo! their hosts went down the wind,
Filled with the thoughts of God's own mind.

III.

They built them houses made with hands,
And there alone they dwell:
No man to this day understands
The mystery of their cell.
Your mighty sages cannot see
The deep foundations of the bee.

IV.

Low in the violet's breast of blue,
For treasured food they sink:
They know the flowers that hold the dew,
For their small race to drink.
They glide—King Solomon might gaze
With wonder on their awful ways.

V.

And once—it is a grandame's tale,
Yet filled with secret lore—
There dwelt within a woodland vale,
Fast by old Cornwall's shore,
An ancient woman worn and bent,
Fallen nature's mournful monument.

VI.

A home had they,—the clustering race,
Beside her garden wall:
All blossoms breathed around the place,
And sunbeams fain would fall.
The lily loved that combe the best,
Of all the valleys of the west.

VII.

But so it was, that on a day
When Summer built her bowers,
The waxen wanderers ceased to play
Around the cottage flowers.
No hum was heard, no wing would roam:
They dwelt within their silent home.

VIII.

This lasted long—no tongue could tell
Their pastime or their toil;
What binds the soldier to the cell?
Who should divide the spoil?
It lasted long—it fain would last,
Till Autumn rustled on the blast.

IX.

Then sternly went that woman old,
She sought the chancel floor,
And there with purpose bad and bold,
Knelt down amid the poor.
She took—she hid—that blessed bread,
That is, what Jesu, Master, said!

X.

She bare it to her distant home,
She laid it by the hive:
To lure the wanderers forth to roam,
That so her store might thrive.
'Twas a wild wish, a thought unblest,
Some evil legend of the west.

XI.

But lo! at morning tide, a sign
For wondering eyes to trace:
They found above the bread, a shrine
Reared by the harmless race.
They brought their walls from bud and flower,
They built bright roof and beamy tower.

XII.

Was it a dream? or did they hear,
Float from those golden cells,
A sound as of some psaltery near,
Or soft and silvery bells;
A low sweet psalm that grieved within,
In mournful memory of the sin?

XIII.

Was it a dream? 'tis sweet no less:
Set not the vision free,
Long let the lingering legend bless
The nation of the bee.
So shall they bear upon their wings
A parable of secret things.

XIV.

So shall they teach when men blaspheme
Or sacrament or shrine,
That humbler things may fondly dream
Of mysteries divine;
And holier hearts than his may beat
Beneath the bold blasphemer's feet.

In Cornwall, at the present time, in its remoter parishes, the old custom still exists of carrying the dead to their last resting place with song and psalm. We can imagine the sad yet pleasant sound of the voices, as the company would wind across the moor, over the brow of the hill, and under the lych-gate, along the church-yard path, down to the south door. Let us hear Mr. Hawker:—

THE DIRGE.

I.

"Sing from the chamber to the grave!"
Thus did the dead man say:
"A sound of melody I crave,
Upon my burial day.

II.

"Bring forth some tuneful instrument,
And let your voices rise:
My spirit listened, as it went,
To music of the skies.

III.

"Sing sweetly while you travel on,
And keep the funeral slow:
The Angels sing where I am gone,
And you should sing below.

IV.

"Sing from the threshold to the porch!
Until you hear the bell:
And sing you loudly in the church,
The Psalms I love so well.

V.

"Then bear me gently to my grave,
And as you pass along,
Remember 'twas my wish to have
A pleasant funeral song.

VI.

"So earth to earth, and dust to dust!
And though my flesh decay,
My soul shall sing among the just,
Until the judgment day."

With a few more words we take leave of Mr. Hawker's volume. We have not observed a line in it that could offend a Catholic ear, but much which Southwell might have written. Nay, more than this; the tone of many of the poems is so Catholic and true, that we are amazed in remembering that they were written not under a sudden impulse, but for thirty years in a slow and steady pace, by the Protestant Vicar of Morwenstowe. We can only acknowledge the

fact, and wonder. It is not, however, quite so great a contradiction as that peculiar temper of mind, which enables dignitaries of the Establishment to repudiate in very outrageous terms authoritative condemnations of their doctrine and practice, and yet be contented with "submitting under protest." It is a pity that this modern idea of "submission under protest" was not known in the sixteenth century: it would have saved much suffering. Let us add one more extract, *A Christ-Cross Rhyme*:—

A CHRIST-CROSS RHYME.

I.

Christ His Cross shall be my speed,
Teach me, Father John, to read :
That in church, on holy day,
I may chant the psalm and pray.

II.

Let me learn, that I may know
What the shining windows show :
Where the lovely lady stands,
With the bright child in her hands.

III.

Teach me letters, A, B, C,
Till that I shall able be,
Signs to know, and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesus' Name.

IV.

Then, dear master, will I look
Day and night in that fair book,
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

V.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper-verse and matin-lay:
So when I to God shall plead,
Christ His Cross shall be my speed.

2. The short campaign which terminated in the battle of Waterloo appears to possess almost as undying a literary interest as the misfortunes of the Royal Family of France during the great Revolution. It might have been thought, however, that, by this time, how ever great the attraction of the subject, there would not be much chance of any new discoveries concerning the facts. It is nevertheless true that it is not till of late that the truth respecting the mistakes committed by Napoleon in that campaign have been fairly put before the French public by Colonel Charras, and, even as it is, the romantic narration of M. Thiers will probably hold its ground in all except military circles in that country. The magic effect of war and warlike glory on the imagination of nations is a very curious subject, and the reluctance to take down from his pedestal a favourite hero, however mischievous to his country his ambition may have been, is one of the most striking parts of that effect. But the French are not the only

nation which is to some extent blinded by the love of military glory. Englishmen would commonly repudiate, with something like indignation, the statement that they did not win the great battle for themselves. The common idea in this country is that the Prussians came up in time to complete the rout of the French army, and to give it no time to rally by their vigorous pursuit, but that the fate of the day was in reality decided by the last advance of the British line. This view, however, is inconsistent with facts, and is unjust to the Prussians, especially to their veteran chief, Blucher. Napoleon might fully have expected that his victory at Ligny would force the Prussians to retire on a line separating them from Wellington, and it was nothing but the sturdy adherence on the part of Blucher to his arrangements with the English commander that held the two allied armies together. Again, the Prussians were in reality pressing on Napoleon's right early in the afternoon, and lost several thousand men in killed and wounded before it was over. Wellington deserves praise for his admirable dispositions, for coolness under the most critical circumstances, and for having had the courage to depend upon Blucher, when, if Blucher failed him, all might have been lost; but the victory of Waterloo was not less Prussian than English, just as the victory of Sadowa was not less the victory of one of the two Prussian armies than of the other. If the English had not stood through the day the battle would have been lost; if the Prussians had not come up the battle would not have been won. Colonel Charras' admirable volume, *Waterloo Lectures* (Longmans), will convince any candid reader of the truth of these remarks. It is the work of a scholar-like soldier in the highest sense of the term, and gives by far the clearest view of the Waterloo Campaign that it has ever been our lot to meet with.

3. Mr. Help's *Life of Columbus** is a companion-volume to a *Life of Las Casas* by the same author. Both seem intended to form part of a series of biographies of the men who figure most prominently in Mr. Help's large work, *The Spanish Conquest in America*. However conspicuous they may have been in the history, we could not expect to find full justice done to each in a book which is not exclusively biographical. To have published separately the sketch of Columbus found in *The Spanish Conquest*, would have been to offer to the public a skeleton instead of that full, healthy, active, enterprising form which we expect when invited to contemplate Columbus. Accordingly while taking from his larger work the main facts of his hero's life, the author has been careful to avoid meagreness in his sketch by commissioning Mr. Herbert Preston Thomas to fill up and re-arrange and present it to the public.

The result is in every way satisfactory: no one will lay down the book without a feeling of immense admiration for the man whose

* *The Life of Columbus, the Discoverer of America.* Chiefly by Arthur Helps, Author of *The Spanish Conquest in America*, &c. London: Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden. 1869.

discoveries have made his high virtues, which would otherwise have remained unknown, part of the world's inheritance. The reader will feel an equal aversion for the people who so long opposed Columbus, and he is, we think, meant by the author to imbibe the conviction that Catholicism was adverse to the enterprise of Columbus, as indeed to everything new and great. Twice, perhaps three times, in the book do we meet with remarks pointing towards this conclusion. This is the result of prejudice, and after mentioning the excellent points of the book we shall give our reasons for this statement. The new *Life* is not only interesting, but instructive; the reader, as he proceeds, is educated to understand the circumstances in which Columbus undertook his immortal voyage, the reasons for the undertaking, the hopes built thereon, which supported him during his long suitorship at many courts, and the indomitable perseverance which sustained him in the less poetic but more arduous task of consolidating a colony composed of disappointed hidalgos, convict followers, and persecuted Indians.

The first chapter is entirely devoted to the history of Prince Henry of Portugal, who was the first to urge on systematically the exploration of the western coast of Africa, and to whom in consequence is due the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope, and the consequent sea voyage to India. This deferring of the discovery of America to a later chapter is made palatable by the interesting method of explanation adopted by the author. The reader is invited to open his map, is informed of the meaning of the names given to the more prominent capes, reads extracts from the diaries of the successful or baffled mariners, and thus takes an interest in what he feels to be a reality, the hazardous though certain exploration of the shores of the vast continent. In any place such information would be useful, but at the beginning of a life of Columbus it serves the additional purpose of bringing out the striking contrast between these comparatively safe discoveries and the bold venture which had long been the dream and is now the glory of Columbus.

He had so thoroughly convinced himself that the world was more or less spherical, and that therefore he could not fail, starting from the shores of Spain, to arrive finally at the land of silks and spices, that it must have seemed astonishing to him that others did not at once come over to his way of thinking. Now that the thing has been done, we too think it strange that people were not won over by his representations. No doubt they appeared plausible to all who heard them; it *might* be as he said, but was public money to be embarked in the prosecution of an object which had escaped the attention of men for so many ages, although they would seem to have had all the means of investigation of which Columbus could avail himself? Whatever part of the world was habitable had been long ago discovered—such was the fixed idea of men in general; that there was some land still unknown was the fixed idea of Columbus. It is clear that the individual would have to yield to the voice

of mankind, until he was able to bring actual proof of the truth of his opinion. It appears that a commission consisting in great part of clergymen had to register this decision of the generality of men against the admiral's project; they did what kings had done before them, what the nation applauded them for doing, what no doubt men of the present time would have done, and therefore we think that in attributing their verdict to the "bigotry of priests," Mr. Helps has betrayed that unfair feeling which he has rigidly excluded as a rule from this book. It was not the "perversity" of John of Portugal, of Ferdinand, of Isabella that prevented their at once conquering the natural disinclination of men to change opinions held for a life time: why then was it the bigotry of priests that blinded the eyes of this ecclesiastical commission?

Columbus certainly would have been most unwilling to fasten such a charge on the clergy, seeing that the man who most encouraged him to persevere in his efforts at court was a friar who had been confessor to Isabella; nor was he the only one who had served her in that capacity and promoted the petition of the Admiral. Again upon another occasion we think that Mr. Helps, through want of practical acquaintance with the Church's teaching, has exhibited her doctrine and Columbus' belief in a repulsive light. When cast away on Jamaica after discovering South America he deplores, "that his soul if parted from his body must for ever be forgotten," whereupon we are favoured with the conclusion that Columbus was fully aware that he staked both body and soul on his success. All that Columbus as a good Catholic could have meant is that his soul would be without the help of the prayers of the faithful, not that it would be necessarily lost, and in fact a plenary indulgence had been granted to the mariners who should die while employed in exploring the African coast. As pleasing a feature as any in the book is the tact shown in the selection of extracts from the writings of personages prominently introduced; there is nothing produced solely because it happens to be in the handwriting of Columbus, and yet there is a sufficient variety of passages admitted to exhibit the man in his enthusiastic and duller moments. Nor is he the only great character artistically drawn. The author has been at more pains to delineate accurately the character of Prince Henry of Portugal than that of Columbus; nor will Ferdinand and Isabella fail to occupy a conspicuous niche in the reader's mind when he has laid the book aside. Ferdinand will stand there cold and calculating, while Isabella will counteract the hardness of her husband by her warm-hearted enthusiasm and large-minded patronage; a kind lady acting harshly at times in deference to the dictates of conscience, in fine guilty in the eyes of the world, as is Queen Mary, of many cold-blooded cruelties, but guiltless in the eyes of Him whom both these princesses wished to serve.

Columbus was a Catholic and a good one; he achieved a wonderful

exploit, such an exploit indeed as the enemies of the Church assert that she by her constitution must thwart and oppose ;

The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek ;
All, all except Herman,
And Herman's a German ;

and so Columbus living on Catholicity did what Catholicity, we are told, made it impossible for him to do. Mr. Helps deprives the Church of such a hero, by stating in his preface that Columbus was a man altogether opposed to his age, indeed it will be ordinarily found, the author says, that no great men belong to the age in which they live. This seems to us an assertion that sounds well but means nothing. The only meaning it can have is that great men belong to the age succeeding their own, and yet what reason is there why we should hand over our Faradays and Lyells to the twentieth century and receive in exchange Dr. Johnson or perhaps Newton ?

The fact is that other men had the same suspicion as Columbus of the earth's roundness, but Aristotle and Seneca were not sailors, did not live at a period of maritime discovery, whereas Columbus had taken to the seas in his fifteenth year, had stayed two years on a lately discovered island, breathed in consequence the atmosphere of discovery, and was, so far, in as good a position as could be imagined for actually investigating the truth of his conjectures. It seems to us that his genius, enthusiasm, judgment, and daring, transcend what is ordinarily found amongst men of any age, and that therefore he was no more living out of his own age in 1500 than he would have been had he been sailing about the English Channel now. Furthermore, the institution which supplied him with a powerful motive for wishing to discover new peoples must by all candid minds be cleared from the charge of thwarting so vast an enterprise : he ardently desired to take the good news of the Gospel to the unknown heathen, and it was the Catholic Church that planted and maintained the desire in his soul.

Mr. Helps has a great power of soberly rivetting the attention by the unexpected exposure of a beautiful picture painted in words : thus at one time we are told to gaze upon the majestic face of Isabella, as she looks down from her place in the gallery of the cathedral at Granada, or our attention is called to the rueful countenances of the friends of the departing mariners when they see Columbus slowly leaving the port of Palos on his first momentous voyage.

4. The old proverb that it takes but one man to set a house on fire, and a good many men to put the fire out, can hardly be better illustrated than in the case of historical misstatements and false charges against the Church. It is wonderfully easy to originate a false charge, wonderfully easy to give a false colour to certain ac-

knowledgeable facts, and thus wonderfully easy to cast dirt upon a system such as that of the Church, the activity of which extends over the whole world and through a long course of centuries. On the other hand, it requires great learning and accurate acquaintance with history and with the present state of criticism to be ready with the answers to such imputations, and, as a general rule, the want of documents, the obscurity which hangs over whole centuries of the life of the Church, and other similar causes of uncertainty, tell far more against the defenders of Catholicism than against their opponents. Thus, although in the remarks which we have made in our first article on Mr. Ffoulkes and his late pamphlet, we were under no obligation to refute his assertions in detail, we have some scruple in even mentioning them without adding a few words that may help our readers to find the right answers for themselves.

A certain number of Mr. Ffoulkes' statements will we found refuted in a notice in the current number of the *Dublin Review*, which, as we are glad to have the opportunity of testifying, is written with much learning, although we have been obliged to disclaim all sympathy with certain remarks at the end, which seem to us an unnecessary disfigurement of the paper in question. We shall add a few words on two several points, as to which Mr. Ffoulkes has given a very unfounded impression.

The first relates to the False Decretals, as to which Mr. Ffoulkes (p. 37-38) cites with great triumph a paper by P. Regnon which appeared in the *Etudes Religieuses* more than two years ago. Mr. Ffoulkes does not deal fairly with the author whom he quotes. His readers would imagine that P. Regnon is speaking of the whole system of Church government now established in the "Western Church," which according to certain Protestant critics, is entirely based on the "False Decretals." This is not the case. P. Regnon is speaking of one very important point of discipline, the reservation of episcopal causes to the Holy See. The words quoted by Mr. Ffoulkes refer to this, "*reforme pseudo-Isidorienne*," but the readers of the pamphlet are not informed of this. [We may add, moreover, that there are traces of this very point of discipline in the time of St. Leo the Great. See MONTH, vol. vii. p. 84.] Again, at the end of his article, P. Regnon adds a note to the effect that he does not think it necessary to refute directly the assertions of the enemies of the Church as to the False Decretals: "all the more because we have already done this in a former essay published in 1864." The reference is to the *Etudes*, t. v., p. 474. Yet any one who reads that former article will see in a moment that no two writers can be more completely at variance as to the effect of the False Decretals than P. Regnon and Mr. Ffoulkes. The article published by the former in 1864 is a complete answer by anticipation to Mr. Ffoulkes' inferences in 1868.

Our other remark shall be on the subject of the Lessons in the Breviary. Mr. Ffoulkes, it appears, does not believe the tradition

about the Santa Casa at Loreto. He says, indeed, that he is "utterly convinced" of its "fictitious character." We must confess we do not understand such language, unless one who uses it means to infer that he has come upon distinct, positive, and unanswerable proofs of *fraud*. We can understand those who say that the historical evidence is not free from difficulties; or again, as Dean Stanley was rash enough to assert, that there is evidence from the size of the Santa Casa and the material of which it is built which proves that it could never have been at Nazareth. This last argument has been utterly destroyed by the late P. Hutchison, and there remain in consequence only negative arguments against the tradition. These are not enough to convince any reasoning man of its "utterly fictitious character." However, Mr. Ffoulkes, who had written on the subject as an Anglican, and was not prepared, on his submission to the Church, to give up his theories, seems to have mentioned the fact to the good French Priest who received him. He was told in reply, "There are many things in the Breviary that I do not believe myself" (p. 34). Whereupon Mr. Ffoulkes goes on to moralise on a system in which it is "thought possible for the clergy to derive edification from legends which they *cannot* believe, and the people instruction from works of acknowledged imposture." This is somewhat rhetorical, but it insinuates a false statement. The Lessons in the Breviary are not inspired, and people coming from Anglicanism, which inserts nothing into its Prayer-book except the words of Holy Scripture, may very well form an exaggerated idea of the authority attached to these Lessons. It is impossible for the Church to guarantee absolutely the very large number of historical and biographical statements out of which the accounts of the Saints are composed. But these statements have a *prima facie* authority on account of their adoption in the Breviary, which, however, has never been considered sufficient to preclude historical inquiry, or to prevent great Catholic critics, as has sometimes been the case, from calling in question, with due respect, particular statements on which the progress of knowledge has thrown doubt. The Church has in several cases revised the Lessons, and has thus shown that they were capable of revision. Benedict XIV. treats of the subject in his work *De Servorum Dei Beatif. et Canoniz.* l. ix., p. 2, c. 13, n. 5, where a number of instances may be found as to which learned men have been allowed to question the statements in the Breviary, such as those about the identity of St. Denys with Dionysius the Areopagite, or certain facts mentioned in the histories of St. James, St. Martha, and St. Clement. It is probable that Mr. Ffoulkes' friend had in his mind something of this sort; but he certainly would have repudiated with indignation the assertion that there is anything in the Breviary that *cannot* be believed—for this it is to which Mr. Ffoulkes' words amount—or again, that people are instructed out of works of acknowledged imposture. This charge is a mere repetition of one of Dr. Pusey's statements about "forgeries." The fact is that there are certain

passages in the Breviary which later criticism is disposed to attribute to writers different from those whose names they bore some centuries ago: but the substance of the passages is the same, whoever may have been their authors, and they are not put forward as instructive precisely because such or such a Saint wrote them, but because they represent the mind of the Church, and are adopted by her.

5. We are glad to see any translation from the works of Father Rogacci. He is one of those writers—formed in the school of St. Ignatius, and on the basis of the Spiritual Exercises—who have distinguished themselves, to use words which ought not to need any apology, by an exquisite, intelligent, and scholarlike spirituality, which does not necessarily exclude, as in their case it certainly did not exclude, the tenderest piety or the most transparent simplicity. The method of St. Ignatius, as all know who are familiar with his Exercises, starts from the right use of the mind and intellect, and influences the will through them. This is the natural and reasonable order. Fr. Rogacci's great work, the *Unum Necessarium*, originally written in Italian, but more commonly met with in Latin, makes the knowledge of God the foundation of affective and effective love of Him. It is a masterpiece of its kind, and is, perhaps, one of the few spiritual books which it might be better to translate simply than to re-write for English readers. Unfortunately, it is of considerable bulk, and very scarce.

The little publication before us (*Holy Confidence*. Burns and Oates), gives us a translation of a number of chapters taken from the *Unum Necessarium*. Among them will be found an interesting discussion of the question raised by Massillon in his famous sermon, "On the small number of the elect."

6. We owe much gratitude to the translator and the publisher of Father de Ponlevoy's *Life of Father de Ravignan*. The great French preacher filled a very large and important position in the Church of his country in the days of Louis Philippe and at the commencement of the Second Empire, and the ecclesiastical history of that period could never be written without frequent mention of his name. His work was a kind of complement, both in the pulpit, and in the direction of public opinion and of the course of public affairs, to that of Father Lacordaire, with many of whose friends and allies De Ravignan was also intimate. Each of the two laboured successfully, moreover, though in a very different way, for the security of freedom for religious associations and for Christian education. We cannot here enlarge on the chief features of Father de Ravignan's career, or on the great characteristics of his eloquence, so different in kind from that of his great contemporary. His life is, perhaps, hardly even yet to be found completely narrated in any single work. M. Poujoulat's book is indispensable to those who would make themselves perfectly acquainted with his character, on account of the resources possessed by the writer in the family correspondence so freely communicated to him. Father

Ponlevoy's work, however, gives us the religious in his life of labour for souls and for the cause of the Church, as well as in his own interior life. Mr. Kelly, of Dublin, has put forth the translation in a very handsome form.

7. Miss Caddell has just given us a very interesting biography of Marie Sellier, the workwoman of Liege, known in the seventeenth century as "Sœur Marie Albert." She was a simple girl, who learnt a trade for the sake of supporting her parents, and was prevented from entering religion by the faithful discharge of her duties to them. She became a tertiary of the order of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and lived and died in the world. Her perfection rose to a great height, and she learnt how to combine perfectly the most complete devotion and recollection with the active duties of her calling, and with the many and laborious works of charity to which she gave whatever time she could spare. She was a sort of visible Providence to all in distress or suffering in her native town, and she did not escape the occasional persecutions, slanders, and ingratitude which are so often the lot of the favoured servants of God. The aim of the book seems to be admirable. Examples such as that so gracefully set forth in this little volume are much needed among us. There is a work to be done among the poor and the working classes—in the widest sense of the term—which cannot be discharged by religious; and persons in the position of Marie Sellier will be very much aided and encouraged by the knowledge that circumstances and employments like their own do not preclude either the highest sanctity or the most extensive exercise of charity.

Recent Pamphlets on Ontologism.

WE are sorry to be obliged to find fault with the tone of Dr. Meynell's pamphlet—*Padre Liberatore and the Ontologists* (Burns and Oates). If his reply to Father Liberatore had been as complete as it is to our judgment unsatisfactory, we should still consider that a respectful moderation of style would be the most graceful and effective vesture in which to clothe his victory over one who has done some service to the Christian commonwealth. But in the present case, defending, as Dr. Meynell does, a form of philosophy which, to say the least, cannot but incur grave suspicion after the condemnation of September, 1861, we certainly must deprecate the personalities and confidence of style which disfigure the little brochure now under review.

It would of course be impossible for us to examine in detail the special pleas which Dr. Meynell makes for that sort of moderate Ontologism indistinctly outlined in his pages, or to dissect his proposed difficulties against the Peripatetic doctrines on the origin of ideas. We propose, therefore, to suggest a few thoughts on the subject, rather than to dogmatise. Such a course will have the

double advantage of putting the question, perhaps, in a new light, and of avoiding all that may awaken the susceptibilities of those who have associated their names with the profession of Ontologism under one or other of its various forms.

If we understand the matter aright, what is common to Ontologism under all its forms, and enters (as the very name implies) into its essential idea, is this—that the intuition of Being is the first principle of thought, and that the object thus contemplated by the intellect is either mediately or immediately God Himself. And herein lies, if we mistake not, its fundamental error. There is latent within it a most mischievous confusion between two transcendental ideas, which respectively terminate two distinct and contradictory lines of thought. Both receive the same name of *ens* or Being. But the one is the logical whole; the other the metaphysical whole, and something beyond. The one is the whole of extension; the other, the whole of intension or comprehension. The one is so indefinite and confused, that it has no distinguishing note even of reality; the other is completed only when it gathers up into itself every perfection, even to that last note of personality which carries it out of the metaphysical order. For the metaphysical whole does not extend beyond the infima species. The one is, strictly speaking, no idea at all; the other is so infinitely perfect that God alone comprehends it. And the former is not indefinite because of excess, so to speak, of unicity, but because of defect of light. To confound, therefore, the two, is to confound the ignorance of a child with the intellectual act of God; and the weakest of abstractions with the one infinitely perfect Object—God Himself.

Moreover, in the first thought of awakening reason, this is most worthy of notice. The order of the compound conception is exactly the reverse of that which it ought to be according to the theory of Ontologism. The child says, v. g., *What is this thing?* The individualisation (what the schoolmen call *hæcceitas*) comes first, the confused ignorant generalisation (metaphysically speaking) second. Does not this help to confirm the Peripatetic doctrine that we receive our first impressions from the senses? If the Ontologicistic theory were true, ought not the child to say, *What is thing this?* In a word, would not the intuition of the universal come first, and its limitation to the individual second?

Dr. Meynell, following in the footsteps of other Ontologists, makes much of those frequent passages in the Fathers and Schoolmen, where they speak of the intellectual light of the reason as a participated likeness of God, or of the light which environs the object of thought as being God Himself. Setting on one side the supernatural order, which is foreign to our purpose, we will very briefly suggest a few considerations, that may help, perhaps, to throw light on the supposed difficulties, which Ontologists somewhat triumphantly offer for solution.

We may consider an idea or conception *subjectively* and *objectively*.

In either case it is most true to say that the light comes from God, or is, if you please, God Himself. But such statement requires distinction and explanation accordingly as you change the subject of the proposition.

To commence with the idea or conception considered *subjectively*, i.e., as it is in the intellect which forms the idea. It is true to say that God is the Light of the intellect, not only because He created it, but because, by virtue of that creation, all Being is predicated of God and the creature analogously, though *autonomastically* of God.* It is true to say that human intellect is a participated likeness of God (*participata similitudo*), because in this it is that man is distinguished from all other animals, and is created after the likeness of God; viz., because he has an intellect, which they have not. It is participated, because all created Being is a participation of Being uncreated, self-existing; not, indeed, by a divided or substantial participation, as Pantheists would teach us, but by that analogical participation flowing necessarily from the infinity of the Divine Perfection, which permits no reality of Being univocal with Itself.

Furthermore, it is true to say that the human intellect in act is a participated likeness of God, because it has the power of abstraction and generalisation, as Father Liberatore has most justly remarked. Dr. Meynell amuses himself over this answer of the Neapolitan philosopher, but, as we cannot help thinking, somewhat prematurely. To speak after the manner of men, God's creative ideas, which are the model of creation, are universals. The act of creation individualises them. And the objective foundation of universals in thought is the unity of the prototypal ideas; or, in other words, the definite degree of imitability of the Divine Essence in such an order of being, conceived by the wisdom of God. But the power of abstraction and generalisation in the intellect of man enables him to ascend from sensible singulars (to which the spirit of brutes is limited), up to those creative ideas in the Divine Wisdom which form the scheme of creation. Is it then unjust to say that such a faculty is a participated likeness of God; when it helps to generate in the mind of man ideas which most imperfectly indeed, yet most truly, represent the Divine ideas of created Being?

And now to consider the same subject *objectively*. It is most true to say, that God is the light of human reason, even as regards the *object* of human thought, though Ontologism be false, and the peripatetic or scholastic philosophy be true. For the object of universals is, as we have seen, really and truly the prototypal ideas in God as manifested in creation itself. And, to speak more generally, all truth in ultimate analysis is God; not indeed God manifest as truth, but truth manifesting God; God not directly seen, but indirectly made known. There is no natural light without the sun; and by the light we know the sun, when it shines unclouded in its

* Speaking scholastically, God is the *primum analogatum*; all the creatures are *secundaria analogata*.

meridian splendour, even though we cannot gaze on the sun itself, because of its excess of splendour. So all objective truth, of whatever order, is founded in God, comes from God, and makes God known, even though the eye of the soul cannot gaze on God Himself and live.

But again. The whole scaffolding of human thought is based upon certain first principles, which defy proof, only because they have surpassed it. Yet, though indemonstrable themselves, they demonstrate all science properly so called; and have been properly called of old the dignities of science. How is it that the human intellect accepts, affirms them, though it cannot prove them? Who is there that knows not the answer? It is because of their intrinsic evidence, which so shines on the mind of man that he at once "intues" the truth. But once more we ask, what is that evidence, which compels the liberty of human thought to an irrevocable assent? Surely it is its *immediate* connection with the unity of the Divine Essence—or, in other words, with the unity of the Divine Wisdom, which shines out, not in its own simplicity, but in that partial revelation of the inner word, the first principle thus revealed to human consciousness.

Having thus suggested answers to Dr. Meynell's not very satisfactory pamphlet, we turn with pleasure to another work (*First Principles*: Longman) by Canon Walker, which we have purposely coupled with that of Dr. Meynell. The change is indeed refreshing. There is a philosophic calmness and moderation of tone in these "first principles," which must commend the work even to his antagonists. There is an entire absence of pretension; and, what is even more important in these days, a docile adhesion to the old philosophy of the schools. The treatment of the subject too is clear and methodical. Nor can we recollect to have seen a treatise better adapted for the use of those who are pursuing an English course of philosophy.

There are one or two minor points, however, on which we would respectfully express some little disagreement from the doctrine enunciated by Canon Walker. We cannot help thinking that in his laudable anxiety to avoid Ontologism under any form, he has made too little of the immutability of human science; and *that*, by separating too absolutely the subject from the object of thought. Again—He seems to us to exceed, where he says (p. 29) that, "it would be impossible to see the *rationes aeternæ* intuitively, and not to see God also intuitively; since His *rationes* are Himself." The Fathers often speak of the *λόγος ἰσπαρμένως* (*verbum seminatum*) in the material and spiritual creation. And just as a man, if he perfectly understood, could "intue" the thought of another by the word which that other, though unseen, might have written or uttered; may not human thought in like manner "intue" the eternal ideas of God by the Word which He has spoken over creation? Otherwise how can our intellect accept undemonstrable principles? It is true that a previous process, or rather many previous processes, of thought are requisite before the objective truth manifests itself to the mind. But this does not hinder us from "intuing" it, when it is at last present to our contemplation. The same

observation applies as truly to first principles in the moral order. We do not of course deny, what Canon Walker probably means, that the ideas, of which the first principle is a resolution, are first obtained from sensible experience, philosophical induction, and the processes of abstraction and generalisation. But when the resolution has been made, and the predicate separated logically from its subject, in order to their after conjunction and the genesis of formal truth, the intellect "intues" the first principle, and is compelled to assent, because of the intrinsic evidence of the object.

Again—Canon Walker says (p. 43), "Sensitive knowledge is concerned with singulars, intellectual with universals." We more than doubt the unlimited truth of the statement contained in the second clause of this sentence. And we give our reason. The whole process of abstraction is surely intellectual. Yet it never relinquishes for one moment the individuality of the collected objects, for it is purely analytical in its process. It is the after-work of generalisation to synthesise what abstraction has retained into a whole; and eliminate all notes of individuality. Moreover, if the statement were universally true, it is hard to see how God could be a proper object of the intellect; or again, facts of history, and the like.

Once more: We have some difficulty in admitting the use of the terms "formal and metaphysical truths" (p. 65) in the sense which Canon Walker would seem to have used them. He identifies metaphysical truth with "the truth of the Divine Intellect;" formal truth with truth as it is in man. This would be to limit both unduly; for God knows all truth—metaphysical, physical, and logical. And surely among men there has been from of old metaphysical science. As a fact, the two terms are not comparable, and consequently cannot be interdivided. Metaphysical truth applies to the object, formal to the subject. The latter may be understood in two ways. The formal truth is either identified with logical truth, and so excludes all relation to the object of thought. Thus understood, it is the correspondence of the intellect in act with its own universal laws. Or it may be understood of the intellectual concept or idea in its relation to, and conjunction with, the object. Thus it is said that formal truth is in the judgment. In either case it is distinguished from material truth, also with its corresponding double meaning. But metaphysical truth is of quite another order. It is predicated of the object of thought formally and primarily; and is distinguished from physical, as also from moral and logical truth. Indeed, if we look strictly to the meaning of the word, metaphysical would be an inappropriate appellation of the Divine Wisdom.

These criticisms are of comparatively small importance. But we need not apologise to Canon Walker for their introduction. For we hope that the present will not be the last edition of this valuable contribution to philosophy; and if there be any truth in our remarks, they may be of use in perfecting what is already so useful and excellent.

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